

SPORT

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Ken Holtzman Has
A Problem: He Likes
Living In Oakland

John Mayberry
Ought To Be A
Chauffeur. He
Drives So Many
Men Home

What's A Nice
Georgia
Cracker Like
Ron Blomberg
Doing In
The Bronx?

Knockdown Time

Baseball's Pennant Scramble



RON BLOMBERG
N.Y. YANKEES



JOHN MAYBERRY
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SPORT

27TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION OCTOBER 1973 VOL. 56, NO. 4

THE LINEUP FOR OCTOBER

- 21 **Can An American Win The American Grand Prix?** LARRY BORTSTEIN
- 48 **What's A Nice Georgia Cracker Doing In The Bronx?** DICK SCHAAP
- 56 **Ken Holtzman Has A Problem: He Likes Living In Oakland**
GLENN DICKEY
- 62 **Mayberry Ought To Be A Chauffeur, He Drives So Many Men Home**
NORMAN LEWIS SMITH
- 68 **T-K-A-C-Z-U-K Spells Trouble** JEFF GREENFIELD
- 78 **Pete Gent: The Dallas Cowboys Grow Old...But Not Up**
- 88 **The Tight End: The Height Of Versatility** MURRAY OLDERMAN
- 114 **Imagine Seaver, Aaron, Orr & Nicklaus All On The Same Field...
Or Stream** DOUG KNIGHT
- 119 **Last Of The Big-Time Hustlers** DAN GLEASON

THE SPORT SPECIAL

- 96 **Dick Williams' Second World Series: This Time, The Heroes Wore
Mustaches** AL HIRSHBERG
- 111 **For Pete Rose: A World Series To Forget** MAURY ALLEN

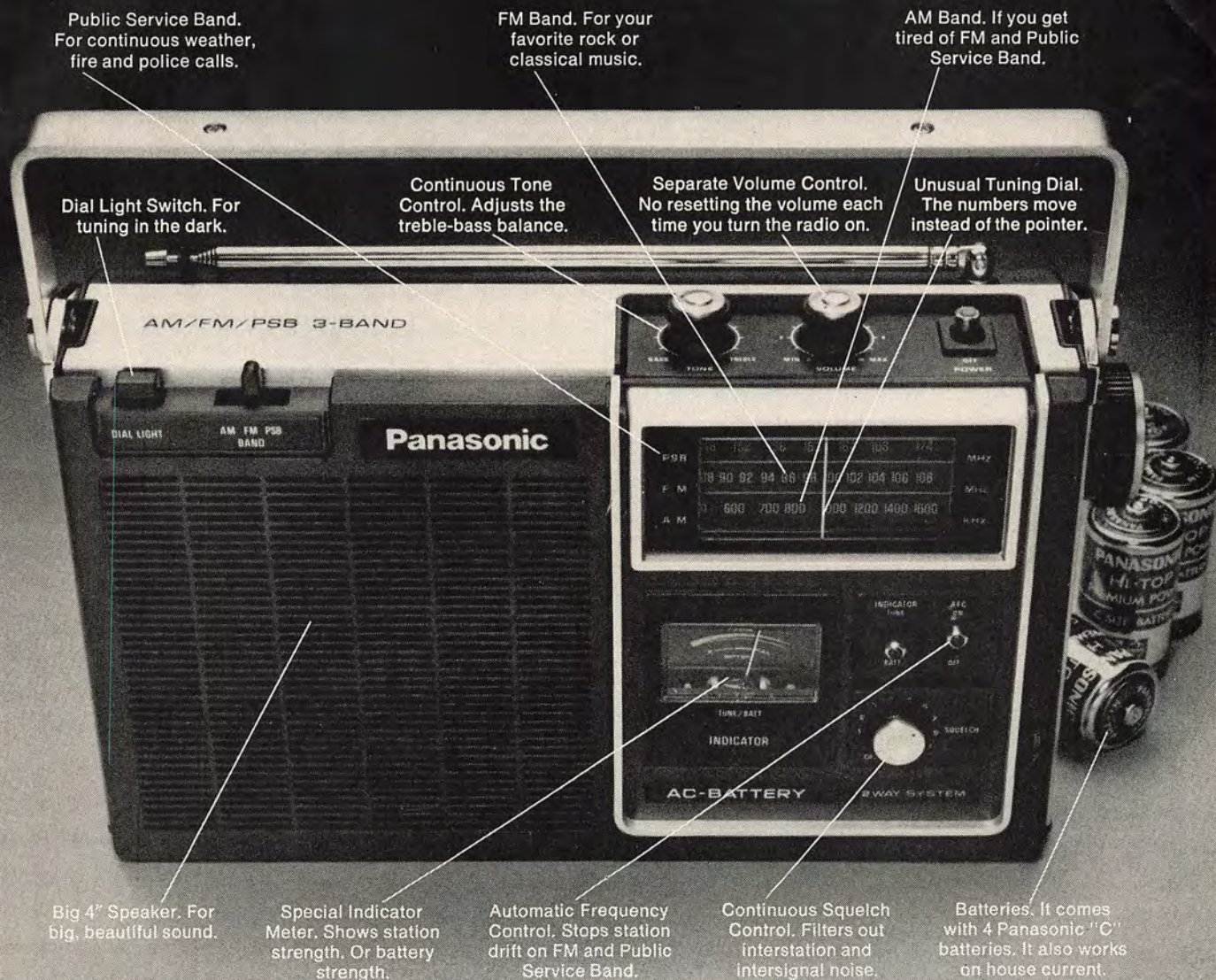
DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **This Month In SPORT**
- 6 **Letters To SPORT**
- 14 **A Woman's Touch** PAMELA POLLOCK BRUNS
- 24 **SPORT Talk** GENE SHALIT
- 34 **Sporting Life With Ferguson Jenkins** MARTY BELL
- 40 **Didn't You Used To Be...Don Larsen?**
- 40 **Inside Facts** ALLAN ROTH
- 42 **SPORT Bookshelf**
- 112 **The SPORT Quiz**
- 134 **Paul Hemphill's America**

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Pete Rose JERRY WACHTER **Ferguson Jenkins** KEVIN FITZGERALD
Ken Holtzman MALCOLM EMMONS AND AUTHENTICOLOR

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OCT. THIS MONTH IN SPORT

In this issue, we're introducing a new monthly feature—Sporting Life—which is designed to show the wide range of life styles favored by today's sports stars. The range, of course, is vast—symbolized at one end by Wilt Chamberlain's castle and, at the other, by the Greenwich Village pad shared by a pair of New York Jets, John Riggins and Chris Farasopoulos. (Chamberlain may have a rug made from fur off the noses of wolves, but Riggins and Farasopoulos have a genuine barber-shop chair in their place.)

Our first Sporting Life focuses upon Ferguson Jenkins, the Chicago Cubs' pitcher, and to put the package together, we sent three of our staff members out to Chicago. While Al Braverman, art director (wearing shades), and Marty Bell, assistant managing editor (wearing beard), posed with Jenkins (left) and Billy Williams (right) on the boat the two Cubs co-own, Kevin Fitzgerald, picture editor and staff photographer, took the shot below.



Our three men returned from Chicago impressed by Jenkins—they found him open and articulate—and by his style. A few days after he wrote the story on Jenkins, Bell—perhaps to demonstrate his faith in Fergy's theories—stole a day off to play golf.

When Pete Gent returned to Dallas to interview his former coach, Tom Landry, he found that many people who had been reluctant to talk to him after his playing days ended suddenly were happy to see him. Then Gent figured out why. The word had preceded him to Dallas that he had landed his novel, *North Dallas Forty*, with the Literary Guild, had sold the paperback rights for a huge sum and had sold the movie rights to Columbia Pictures. He was a hero once more, just as if he were catching Don Meredith passes. Once the people in Dallas read the novel—and Pete's story in this issue—the welcome may cool again.

After this month, Gene Shalit, who goes to work some mornings at five a.m. and finishes work some days at the same time, is giving up the SPORT Talk column he has presided over for the past year. As soon as the 24-hour day is expanded, Gene promises he'll come back.

Dick Schaap

SPORT



DICK SCHAAAP

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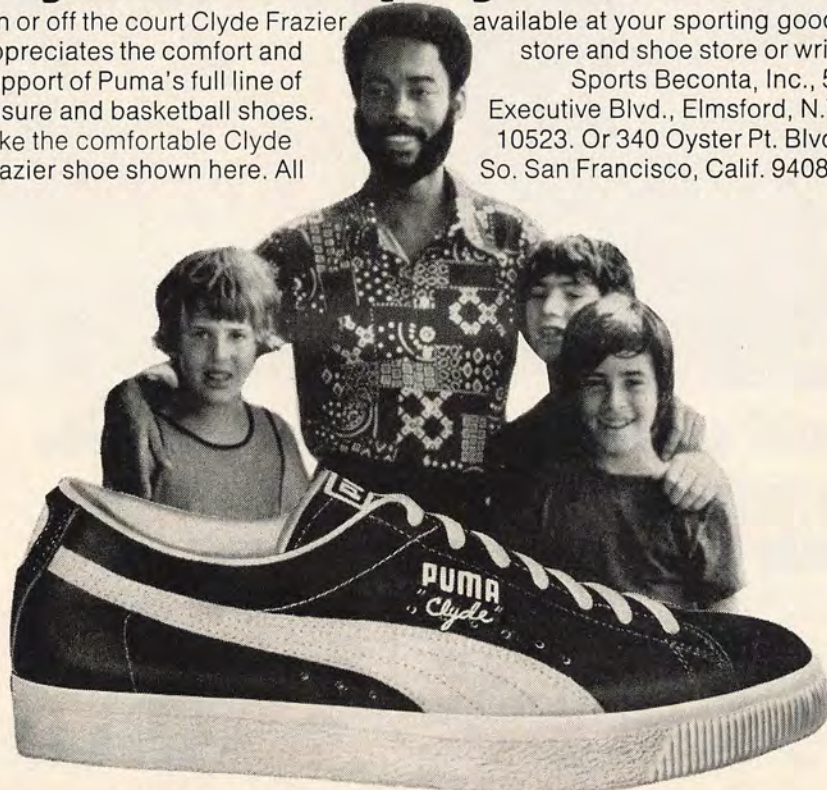
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LETTERS TO SPORT

BLANDA BLUNDER

In the Sport Quiz (August) the answer to question 13 stated that George Blanda of the Oakland Raiders led the NFC in most points after touchdown with 44 out of 44. I find this quite a feat since the Raiders are in the AFC.

Larry Martell
Long Beach, N.Y.

Ed. The question should have read "NFL." Somebody here missed a point.

MURCER MESS-UP

I wish to point out an error in your article, "Bobby Murcer: Lost On A \$100,000 Turf (August)." You reported that Lou Gehrig wore 3, Ruth, 4. This is definitely backwards. I should know; I've seen *Pride of the Yankees* five times.

Ira Spiegel
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed. You're right; William Bendix wore 3, Gary Cooper 4. Several hundred other people caught the numerical error.

NUMBERS GAME

The August article on Bobby Murcer contained a glaring inaccuracy. In talking of the status attached to single-digit numbers as opposed to higher numbers, you mention that Murcer was originally given 17, which is accurate. You further state, however, by way of contrast, that Roy White, when he came up to the Yankees, was issued 6. In fact, when White came up, Cleve Beyer was wearing 6. White, when he first joined the Yankees in 1965, was issued 48, which he wore for all of 1966, as well as what remained of 1965. In 1967, after returning from a stay in the minors (at Spokane), he was given number 21. It was not until still later, when he had become an established Yankee, that he was given the (Continued on page 10)

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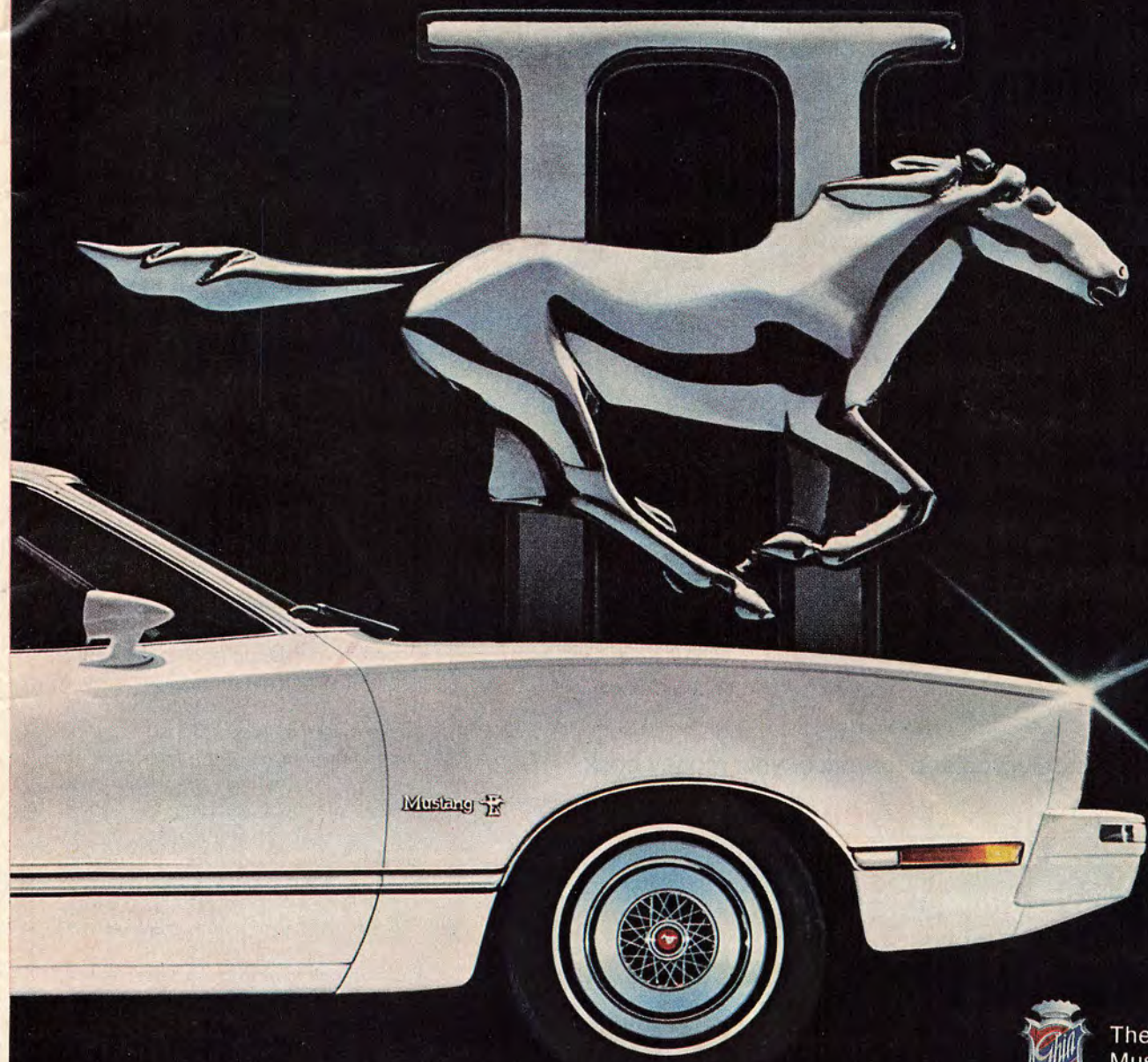
Every once in a long while, the right new car comes along at the right time. The original Mustang was that kind of car, back in 1964.

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THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

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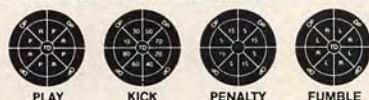
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deliveries cannot be
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after Nov.
30.

LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

more prestigious number 6 that he now wears.

Timothy James Rye, N.Y.

Ed. You are absolutely correct, both as historian and mathematician.

PENNANT PATTERNS

Note the following coincidence:

In 1951, the Dodgers were leading the Giants by a lot and then blew their lead and lost the pennant in a playoff. The Giants went on to lose the World Series to the Yankees.

Eleven years later, in 1962, the Dodgers blew the pennant to the Giants again in a playoff after building up a big lead. The Giants again lost to the Yankees in the World Series.

It is now eleven years later and the Dodgers (at the time this letter was written) are again leading the Giants, and the Yankees are leading in their division. As a Dodger fan, I hope that lightning doesn't strike three times.

David Klein Yonkers, N.Y.

Ed. Ralph Houk and, to a lesser extent, Charlie Fox are both rooting for the third strike.

HANO "SI"

Arnold Hano's article ("The King Is Dead; Long Live The King") is the best article I have ever read in SPORT.

Jack Hayes Germantown, Wisc.

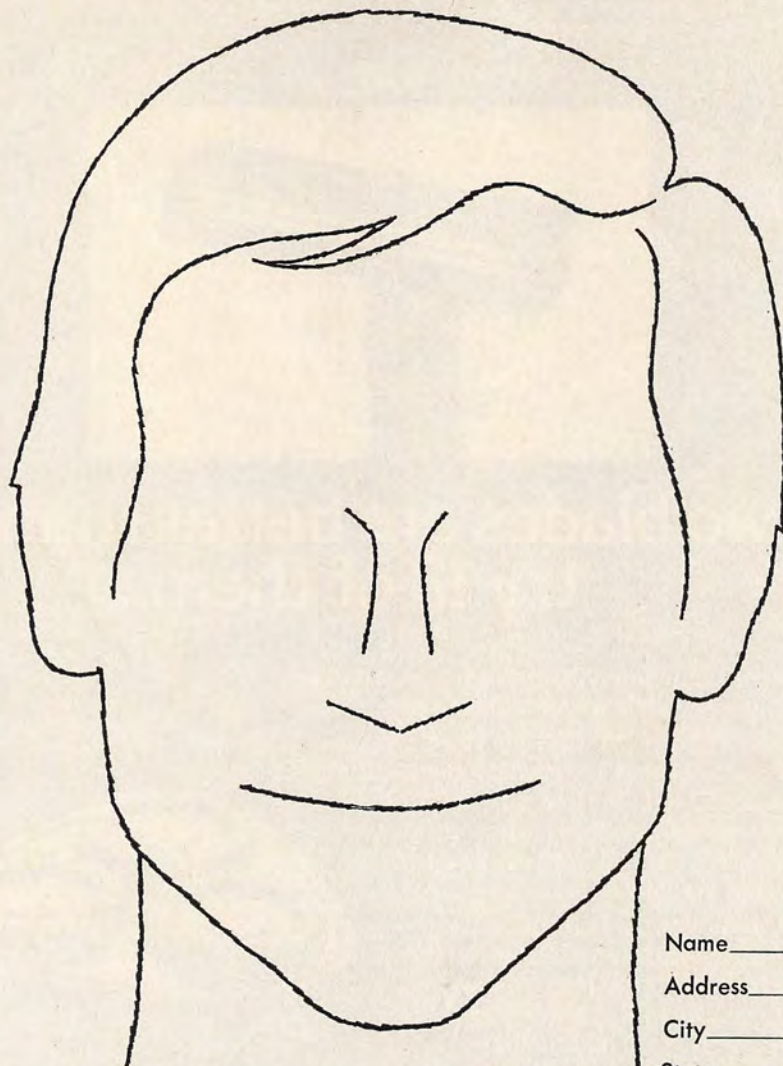
HANO "NO"

I found Arnold Hano's article on Muhammad Ali ("The King Is Dead; Long Live The King," July) to be the worst I have ever read in this magazine.

Richard Severa Whitestone, N.Y.

Ed. We encourage a diversity of opinions, but this large a gap is ridiculous.

Letters To SPORT
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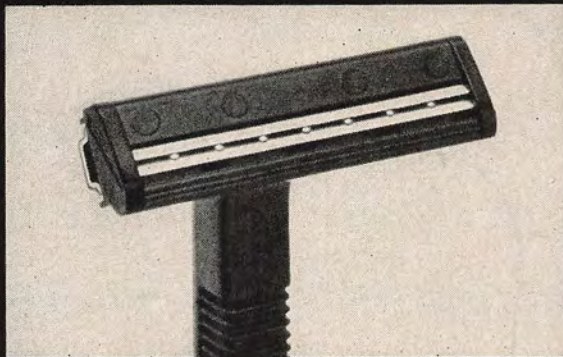
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25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH



Director Zetterling: The body is the star.

The Olympic weightlifters' training gym in Munich was like an enormous hall for Roman gladiators. Hundreds of men would flex their muscles, pray to their private God or gods, then submit themselves to the physical abuse required to win gold. Tons of lead and steel were jerked and pressed as each man challenged his physical limit. But the thundering sound of the weights crashing to the mats was enough to win respect for a man even if he failed.

There is nothing unusual about this scene except that women rarely, if ever, view it from a gut level. Yet last year, throughout the Olympics, a former Swedish movie actress now turned movie director, hovered with her cameras over, under and around these hulking men and their heavy wheels. Mai Zetterling was not some kind of exotic sports nut, nor an hysterical Ms. Weightlifter who wanted to have women compete for hernias and ruptured discs. She was there only to film her segment of David Wolper's Olympic movie, *Visions of 8*, which is now in the theaters.

"I'm not at all interested in sports," Zetterling said, "but I am interested in obsessions—and weightlifters are obsessed. They're isolated in an intimate battle with themselves."

Absorbed within their male domain, the weightlifters did not protest Mai and the crew of men she directed. They didn't seem to mind when she crouched beneath them with her hand-held camera. They grimaced and grunted under ponderous weights, and when the veins in their necks seemed ready to burst, Mai would chime from below, in a chatty

English accent, "Oh yes, that's lovely. But you will do this without crushing me, won't you?"

A glamorous ex-movie actress (Zetterling was once thought to be another Garbo) might not have been tolerated with such ease. But Mai Zetterling, now settled in her 40s, seemed wholly unconcerned with her appearance. Like all the Wolper film crew, she was dressed in blue corduroy western-style slacks and jacket. Her most frequent pose was a cowboy-at-ease with thumbs tucked through her belt loops. When BBC television came to interview her, she pulled an ornate silver hand-mirror from her worn saddlebag purse, glanced at her uncombed hair and ran her fingers through it. She then checked the fly on her cords, patted her stomach flat, and pronounced she was ready to face the camera.

If Mai was an unlikely observer in the weightlifters' gym, I ran a close second. I was seven months pregnant and hardly inconspicuous. But unlike Mai, I *am* a sports nut, and I had dreamed of taking part in an Olympics ever since I saw Wilma Rudolph streak to fame in 1960. However, weightlifting was far down my list of favorite sports, and I had invaded the gym solely to observe one of Wolper's eight directors (including Penn, Schlesinger and Lelouch) at work.

"When Wolper approached me about the film," Zetterling said, "he suggested I might want to focus on women. But that would have been too easy. I wanted to make it difficult for myself, so I took the furthest point removed from me, something I knew nothing about."

What then did she think of these weightlifters around us, heaving and straining, and so obsessed with their bodies?

"The star is the actual body," Mai said. "There is a tremendous interest in it: Thinking about it, feeding it, oiling it, feeling the muscles. The competition itself is very tedious to watch . . . and so I look for the nerves and emotions. And it is strange—the more flesh, the more nerves. The smaller ones seem stronger emotionally."

I balanced myself on a stack of weights and observed that most of the men around me had profiles similar to mine. All but the lightest had protruding stomachs.

"Don't you find some of this a bit grotesque?" I asked.

"No. Slightly overdone perhaps. But what is grotesque is an accident where people gather to watch blood pour from a man's head, or a man stuffing himself with expensive food. These men here are at least using their muscles, competing with themselves, fighting these tremendous weights."

There was a stirring in the gym, and for a moment the thundering of weights slamming to the floor was stilled. Stalking toward his mats was the massive heavyweight from Belgium who, hoping to gain a psychological edge on his opponents, would try for a world record in practice. He immersed himself in the ritual of chalking his hands, adjusting his leather belt, sucking in deep gulps of air. He stared malevolently at the weights as if to conquer them mentally.

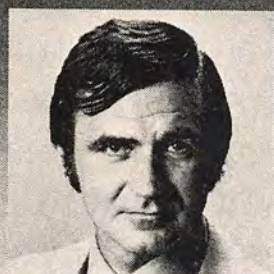
At last prepared, he tried, but failed, and he was a defeated man before the competition had even begun. Mai watched him retreat almost pathetically from the gym. "I've asked them why they do it," she said. "It's so dangerous for the body. But no one can answer me. They don't seem to know."

PAMELA POLLOCK BRUNS

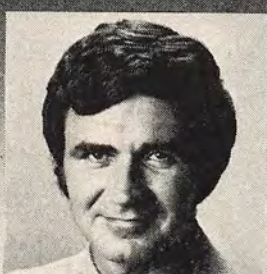
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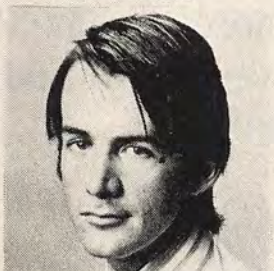
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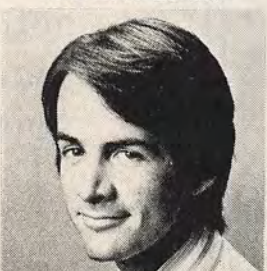
Ronald Tomme, oily hair
WETHEAD



Ronald Tomme, after
THE DRY LOOK[®]



Steve Nisbet, oily hair
WETHEAD



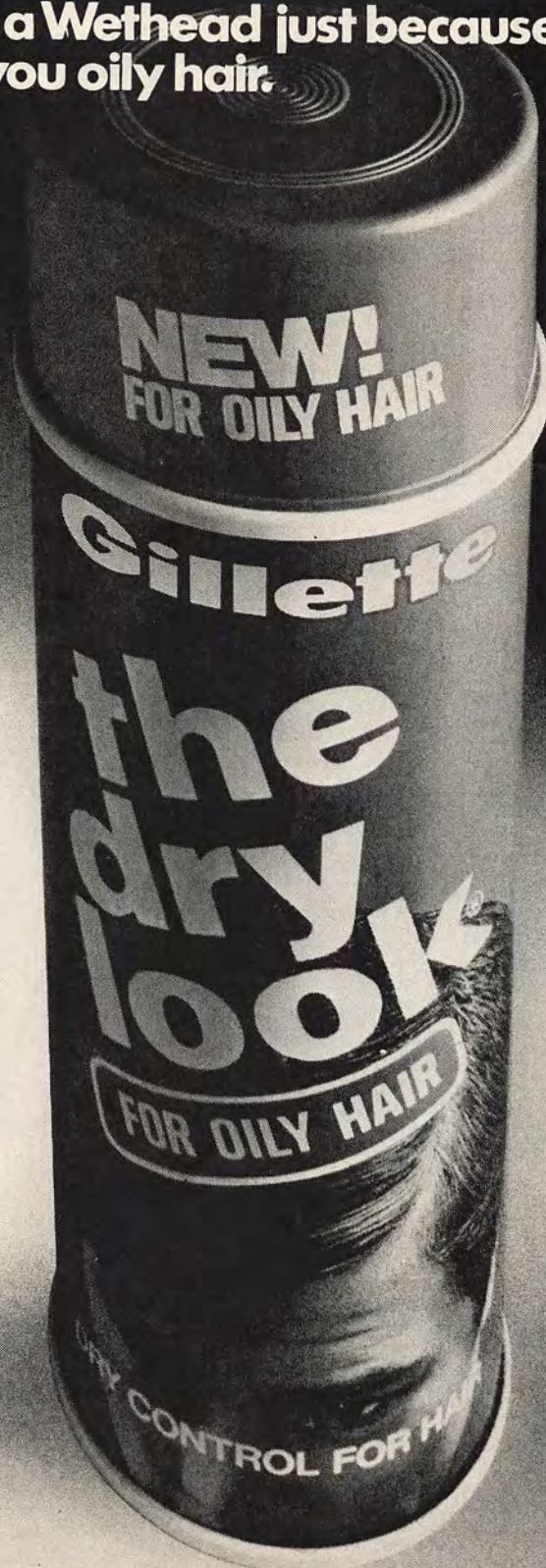
Steve Nisbet, after
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John Almborg, oily hair
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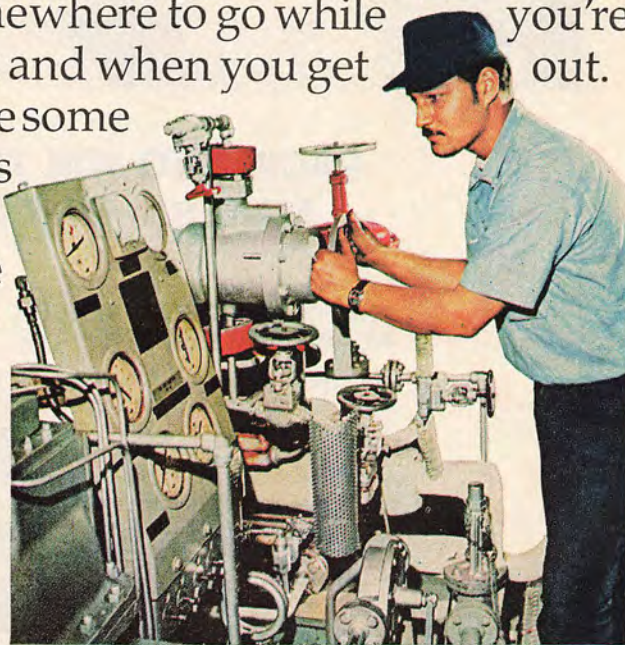
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ROLEX



Can An American Win THE AMERICAN GRAND PRIX?

BY LARRY BORTSTEIN

In the land of the Caddy and the Continental, the Corvette and the Cobra, in the land where Andy Granatelli gets more television time than Richard Nixon, and Junior Johnson is threatening to become a folk legend, one great automotive gap persists: No American has ever won the American Grand Prix.

This might be considered a national tragedy, except for one thing: Most Americans, when they think of racing, think of Indianapolis or, perhaps, Daytona. They pay relatively little attention to the

United States Grand Prix, which will have its 15th running this fall in the upstate New York village of Watkins Glen—provided the Glen, site of the biggest rock festival ever, recovers from the roar of The Grateful Dead, the smell of the grass.

Yet Watkins Glen, a non-profit enterprise, run by local people under the direction of Malcolm Currie, offers the one American race each year that attracts the stars of the international Formula One racing set. It is a 199.24-mile contest—39 trips around the

course—and it has, even in its relative youth, provided some historic moments. Jimmy Clark, Jochen Rindt and Emerson Fittipaldi—each a future world champion—each scored the first Grand Prix victory of his career at Watkins Glen. Bruce McLaren, another top driver, broke his maiden in the first U.S. Grand Prix, at Sebring, Florida, before the race was switched to the Glen in 1961. Score one apiece for Scotland, Austria, Brazil and New Zealand. Score zero for the U.S.

The history of American frus-

THE AMERICAN

CONTINUED

tration in Grand Prix racing dates back more than half a century, precisely to 1921. That year, an American named Jimmy Murphy, who was to win at Indy the following year, drove his American-built Duesenberg to victory in the French Grand Prix. Thirty-nine years and a pair of wars elapsed before any American won a Grand Prix race again. Forty-six years slipped by before any other American-built car finished in front of a Grand Prix field.

The driving drought ended in 1960 when a Californian named Phil Hill won the Italian Grand Prix. The following year, Hill won both the Italian and the Belgian Grand Prix and, thanks to high finishes in other events, became the first—and so far only—American to capture the world driving championship. Hill scored his victories in Ferraris, which are built a long way from California.

Another Californian—this one a transplant from New York—broke the manufacturing barrier. In 1967, Dan Gurney won the Belgian Grand Prix in record time in an Eagle, built at his own All-America Racers shop in Santa Ana, California. For Gurney, it marked his fourth Grand Prix victory; the first came in a Porsche, the next two in a Brabham. Until this year, Gurney, Hill, Murphy, Mario Andretti (one) and Richie Ginther (one) shared among them all ten Grand Prix victories ever won by Americans. And only Gurney, with a second-place finish in 1965, had come even close to winning at Watkins Glen.

This year, for the first time in two years and only the second time in six, an American has captured a Grand Prix. In July, Peter Revson, the handsome 34-year-old bachelor, won the British Grand Prix. The race was marred by crashes—only eight machines

lasted till the end—but Revson, who drives a Yardley-McLaren, showed his considerable skill by overtaking Sweden's Ronnie Peterson, in a John Players Lotus Special, not far from the finish.

Revson, understandably, is right now the best American hope to break through at Watkins Glen. "I really would like to win at the Glen," he says. "It would be more satisfying than winning almost any other Formula One race." Financially, it would certainly be more satisfying. First prize in the U.S. Grand Prix is \$50,000, far more than the token prize money offered at the other 14 Grand Prix championship races.

Revson is one of two Americans who have competed regularly on the Grand Prix tour this year. The other is a rookie, George Follmer, who is, at 39, a veteran rookie, five years older than Revson. Follmer, a huge success in American road racing last year, took to the Grand Prix circuit this year and made a remarkable debut. The first Grand Prix race he entered, the South African championship, he finished sixth, earning himself one point in the world driving ratings, making him only the 14th American in a quarter of a century to earn even one driving point.

Follmer's challenge is a double one. Not only is *he* an American; his car is. Follmer will compete at Watkins Glen in his Universal Oil Products Shadow, the only U.S.-built car campaigning on the Formula One circuit this year.

After the strong start in South Africa, the Shadow has encountered mechanical and horsepower difficulties, and its driver has encountered cynicism about his Formula One skills. The odds against Follmer at Watkins Glen will be long.

There is a strange jinx at the Glen: No world champion has

ever won the U.S. Grand Prix in the same year he won the world championship. Jackie Stewart, who won at Watkins Glen last year and is in a strong position to regain his world title from Fittipaldi this year, will probably be favored to end the titleholders' jinx.

There will also be other American drivers at Watkins Glen, men not normally associated with Grand Prix racing. A \$50,000 prize is no pot of gold to the men who aim for a quarter of a million at Indy, but the chances of upsetting the haughty Europeans generally stirs the adrenaline. Mark Donohue, the 1972 Indianapolis winner, might be among the starters, provided he and his sponsor, Roger Penske, feel they can offer a competitive car.

Watkins Glen usually invites a fringe driver or two to race, a man who has neither the machine nor the experience to win, but adds local color. A fellow named Skip Barber—who drives in the L&M series with "Go Navy" on his car—raced at the Glen last year, finished 16th and would no doubt love to come back again.

The American prospects for this year are not overly bright—not with Stewart, Fittipaldi, Francois Cevert, Peterson, Denis Hulme and Jacky Ickx all hungering for victory—but American prospects for the less immediate future are encouraging. Out in Santa Ana, at Dan Gurney's shop, the foundations have been laid for a new series of Formula One Eagles.

Gurney, who has been building screeching Eagles for Bobby Unser's record skills on oval speedways, doesn't expect to have a Grand Prix car ready for Watkins Glen this fall, but he thinks he does have a chance to gather a full Formula One team by next year.

The ultimate, of course, would be an American driver in an American car winning at Watkins Glen. Follmer in a Shadow. Or maybe, someday, Unser in an Eagle. Nothing could do more to make the U.S. Grand Prix an American classic. ■

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SPORT TALK

EDITED BY GENE SHALIT

COLONEL SANDERS' FRIEND'S WIFE'S COLONELS

Ellie Brown has paid one million dollars to own the Kentucky Colonels of the ABA. Look, she had this million and she had to buy *something*, didn't she? I mean everyone had beaten her to the steak at the supermarket meat counter, and she already had more fried chicken than she could use.

Eleanor "Ellie" Brown, a former University of Kentucky cheerleader, is not

the first woman to own a professional sports team—Mrs. Joan Payson has been the owner of the New York Mets since 1962—but Ellie intends to be the first woman to be actively involved in the operations of the team she can truly call her own.

"Eighty percent of the professional basketball teams are losing money," she reminded the IRS and several members of the press who were introduced to her at the "21" Club, a snobby spa in New York. "The reason is that the

owners are not getting involved in their teams." If that sounds like a slap at her husband, John Y. Brown, Jr., the board chairman of Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation (Colonel Sanders' coop) and one of five former owners of the Colonels, it was a tender one. When the Browns decided to buy back the Colonels from the Cincinnati group to whom they had sold their original 20 percent interest, it was Ellie who did the buying. "I've seen my husband get involved in several business deals," she says, "and I know that John doesn't like to invest his money in a business which he can't be actively involved with."

Ellie's aim is to make her investment profitable—not an easy job, considering that last season the Colonels sold only 900 season tickets in spacious Freedom Hall. She and her new, all-woman board of directors sold over 300 new season tickets for the Colonels in less than one week. It's apparent that Ellie Brown is going to be a hard-driving owner. When the local press wrote stories she considered to be out of bounds, she rebounded and scored them for being snide.

She passes off any notions that her husband had bought her her position to serve merely as a figure head. "I bought the team with my own money," she states emphatically, "and while I want my husband to advise me, I'm confident that I'll be taking an active part in all of the decision-making for the team."

When Mike Storen resigned as general manager, she said: "Mike is a very good friend of ours. We just couldn't come to terms on a contract. In fact, when Mike left, he came into my office to kiss me and wish me luck. It may have been the first time in history of sports that the general manager kissed the chairman of the board of directors good-bye!"

Ellie Brown is certainly a woman for the '70s, though she disassociates herself from the women's movement. She agrees that the raising of a new feminine consciousness has made her task much easier. "Five years ago, I might



Ellie and John Y. Brown run Kentucky's Colonels. Ellie's Colonels play basketball; John's Colonel (Sanders) fries chicken.

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not have had the confidence to be doing this, but I've gotten that confidence from my husband, in seeing how hard he has worked for success. I think that any woman who is capable could handle my job."

As she began to be the working owner of a professional basketball team, she saw one possible conflict, and that was with her seven-year-old daughter. She's calm about her ten-year-old son, John 3rd, who was leaning toward a future with the Boston Celtics until he realized that John Havlicek wouldn't be there to pass off to, and who now plans to star for mom's Colonels. But her little daughter, Sandy, was not as happy about her mother's new job.

"I asked Sandy how she felt about me having to be away from home and being busy all week," Mrs. Brown says, "and she said, 'Well, how do you feel having a little girl who doesn't like it?' So I guess that tells me how she feels

about my new work."

Little John had something to do with buying the team in the first place. "John is a big Colonels fan and a real basketball nut," Mrs. Brown says. "When he saw that the team might have to be sold and moved from Louisville, he was very upset. One night at dinner, he started asking his father the right questions: 'Why do the Colonels have to lose money? Why can't they stay in Louisville? Why don't you ask Dan Issel and Artis Gilmore if they'll play for less money?' At that time, I think that my husband realized that he was looking at the face of every ten-year-old boy in Louisville who wanted the Colonels to stay there. So as soon as the opportunity came to buy the Colonels back from the people in Cincinnati, John decided we should do it."

Now if only John 3rd can teach his younger sister how to hook over Artis Gilmore, maybe women in the Brown family from Louisville could have a very long future in pro basketball. Ellie Brown would very much like to be around to sign her son to a Colonels

contract.

'BANG THE DRUM' RINGS THE BELL

I had to laugh when I saw an early review of *Bang The Drum Slowly*, because although I agree with the critic that this movie is moving and lovely and should be seen, the critic claimed never before to have experienced such authenticity in a film. Attributes abound, but authenticity is not among them. As the sports insiders were saying as they left the advance screening, never was there a manager in major-league baseball like the one in this film, and never was there an owner like this, and never were there meetings like those between the manager and the owner, or between the manager and the players.

The plot depends on the manager driving himself nuts for the better part of his summer trying to dig under the personal doings of a couple of his players during the off-season—which no manager could care less about. The

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story also depends on us believing that the team's superstar pitcher won't sign a contract unless there's a clause that if a humpty-dumpty catcher on the team gets traded, the superstar has to be traded with him to the same team. Nonsense. But it doesn't matter to the enjoyment of the movie. If you love baseball, you'll start to tingle with the opening credits as two players trot in unison across the field to the background accompaniment of that mournful song, *The Streets of Laredo* (from the lyrics of which the movie's title comes). (That's one of my favorite parenthetical phrases.) The relationship between the pitcher and the can-barely-get-by catcher is so tender, so human, that the factual flaws recede and really don't matter.

The movie is based on Mark Harris's fine novel of 1956, one of the ornaments of sport fiction. And keep in mind that it was published in 1956. Because some who have seen the movie, but don't know the book, think this movie is a ripped-off baseball version of *Brian's Song*. Which it isn't. First of all, *Bang*

The Drum Slowly came first. Second of all, it is fiction—an example of life imitating art. The performances by Michael Moriarty and Bobby DeNiro are just right. Moriarty is a kind of Tom Seaver figure, and DeNiro is an original, although there have been parts of him on many big-league teams through the years—the rube from the hill country with the big heart and the small talent. What's remarkable about DeNiro's performance is that although baseball has never meant much to him, in the movie he seems the genuine article, like *The*. DeNiro talked to Marty Bell of *SPORT*. "I'm not a baseball fan, and I never followed the game closely, so I went down to spring training in Tampa, Florida, with the Cincinnati Reds. That was in March of 1972. I had to hang around with the younger players since the established players wanted to have nothing to do with me.

"Baseball stars are just like movie stars. It doesn't matter how dumb they are—they just have to look cool and act cool. The fans keep reaching for autographs and this only encourages

them.

"They try to make everything they do look smooth and easy, like it takes no effort or thought to do it. They never struggle to accomplish anything. They are more involved with the tobacco they are chewing than the ball they are throwing.

"I enjoyed the experience as research for a movie, as a subject to study for acting, but it didn't increase my interest in the game. I was interested in the characters of the men and that is something the fans really never get to see."

Something the fans should get to see is *Bang The Drum Slowly*.

THE ORIGINAL CLEVELAND INDIAN

I've read just about everything about baseball this summer and right into the pre-World Series excitement, but I still haven't seen a word about Sockalexis. So I was happy to have what follows from Frederick John of Windham, New Hampshire. Everything in this column until further notice is by Frederick John:



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Who was the greatest baseball player of all times?

Was it Ruth or Cobb? Was it Williams, DiMaggio, Spahn or Musial? Or Mays or Aaron or Clemente?

How about Chief Louis Sockalexis? He was the first American Indian ever to play in the big leagues, and he was a great one. A member of the Penobscot tribe from Old Town, Maine, he was an outfielder with the Cleveland Spiders of the National League for three bittersweet years, from 1897 to 1899.

Hughie Jennings, one of the game's legendary managers, said: "Louis Sockalexis had the most brilliant career of any man who ever played the game. No other player has crowded so many remarkable accomplishments into such a short period. He should have been the greatest player of all time—greater than Cobb, Wagner, Lajoie, Hornsby, or any of the other men who made history of the game."

Remember that Jennings managed the Detroit Tigers from 1907 to 1921. And during those years, his star player was an outfielder named Ty Cobb.

Sockalexis had a fantastic arm. He could toss a baseball 400 feet on the fly.

NBC sportscaster Curt Gowdy recently did some research on Sockalexis. Gowdy said he discovered that the Chief "could also hit a baseball the length of the Penobscot reservation in Maine, which was some 600 feet."

Bear in mind that Sockalexis played in the days of the dead baseball, when it took pure muscle to nudge the cowhide for any great distance. It is doubtful if even Babe Ruth ever hit an old fashioned dead baseball 600 feet.

Louis Sockalexis was born in a peaceful Indian village close to the Penobscot River on October 24, 1871. He loved to play baseball. He won a scholarship to nearby Houlton Academy, where he was the star of the school baseball team. From there he went to Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts. He became a sensation. When he wasn't playing the outfield, he was the team's star pitcher. But it was as an

outfielder and a slugger that Sockalexis attracted his greatest attention, and he was nicknamed "Deerfoot of the Diamond."

When his Holy Cross coach, "Doc" Powers, moved to Notre Dame in 1897, Sockalexis followed. But he didn't stay long. He was the talk of the baseball world, and the Cleveland team in the National League signed him.

It was a glory year for the young Indian. According to one New York writer: "His fielding was spectacular, his base running supreme, and an ease and grace marked his playing which rarely, if ever, has been equalled."

And a Cleveland writer put it this way: "Sockalexis is mighty—the mightiest of them all!"

Perhaps the great player paid too much attention to his press clippings. Perhaps there were too many adoring females waiting to greet him on the road with the Cleveland club. Let's say that he went for the firewater. Check the records. His first year, he batted .338. Then

in 1898, his second year, he seemed to collapse. He hit .224 and played in only 21 games. The next season he got into just six games before the Cleveland Spiders let him go.

He drifted through the minors. In less than one year, he played with Hartford in the Eastern League, Lowell in the New England League and Bangor in the Maine League before ending up back on the reservation.

Until he became a major-league star, Sockalexis had never taken a drink. Almost overnight he became a national celebrity. The wine was sweet, and he drank too much of it.

Then this story in a Holyoke, Massachusetts, newspaper on August 24, 1900: "Louis Sockalexis, the once-famous National League baseball player, appeared in court this morning on a charge of vagrancy and was given 30 days in the county jail. . . ."

"In court this morning, he attributed his downfall to firewater. He said 'They liked me on the baseball field, and I liked firewater.'" Chief Louis Sockalexis died on Christmas Eve in 1913. His grave in a remote corner of the reservation was marked with a wooden cross with his name burned onto it.

In 1934, Sockalexis' name appeared on the sport pages for one last moment of glory. The State of Maine unveiled a memorial that had been placed on his grave in the lonely little Indian cemetery.

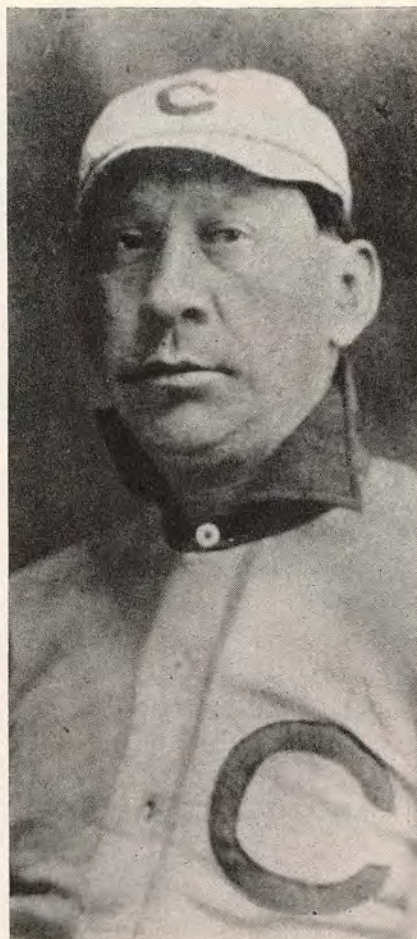
The inscription read:

"In memory of Louis Sockalexis whose athletic achievements while at Holy Cross College and later with the Cleveland major league baseball team won for him national fame. Born Oct. 24, 1871—Died Dec. 24, 1913. Erected by his friends."

There is a footnote to the Sockalexis saga.

In 1915, a Cleveland newspaper ran a contest. The idea was to come up with a name for the city's new American League team.

The winning name was suggested by a fan who wanted the club to be called the Cleveland Indians as a posthumous tribute to Louis Francis Sockalexis, the first American Indian baseball star.



Chief Louis Sockalexis was the first, authentic Cleveland Indian. But when he played, the team was called the Spiders.



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SPORTING LIFE



Ferguson Jenkins is a man of varied hobbies: His best known is winning 20 games each baseball season. But he also enjoys hunting, boating, camping, golfing, designing clothes — and even relaxing.

WITH FERGUSON JENKINS



The game was long over, and only one car remained in the Clark Street parking lot outside Chicago's Wrigley Field. The car was a brown station wagon. A Ford. A simple functional machine. A crowd clustered around the car as if it were a solid gold Rolls-Royce.

The station wagon belonged to one of the Cubs, a star, a \$100,000-a-year ballplayer. Most \$100,000-a-year ballplayers let their cars reflect their incomes. Tom Seaver drives a Porsche. Bobby Murcer drives a Rolls. Even Ron Blomberg drives a Mercedes, and he's not halfway to \$100,000 a year.

Ferguson Jenkins—for six years, the closest thing in baseball to a solid gold Rolls—came out of the rusty Wrigley Field players' gate, eased his way through the admiring crowd and climbed into his Ford Country Squire. The car doesn't precisely mirror Jenkins' income. But it does capture perfectly his

way of life.

Jenkins has won 20 or more games during each of the past six seasons, and as a reward, he has earned \$125,000 for each of the past two. After this season, if his record is respectable, he will seek a five-year contract guaranteeing him a million dollars. Obviously, he can afford any luxury he desires. But it is not luxury that Jenkins wants.

He is a Canadian, the product of a rural Ontario background, and if his life style has one basic thrust, it seems to be to preserve his rustic roots while he resides in the heart of America's second largest city.

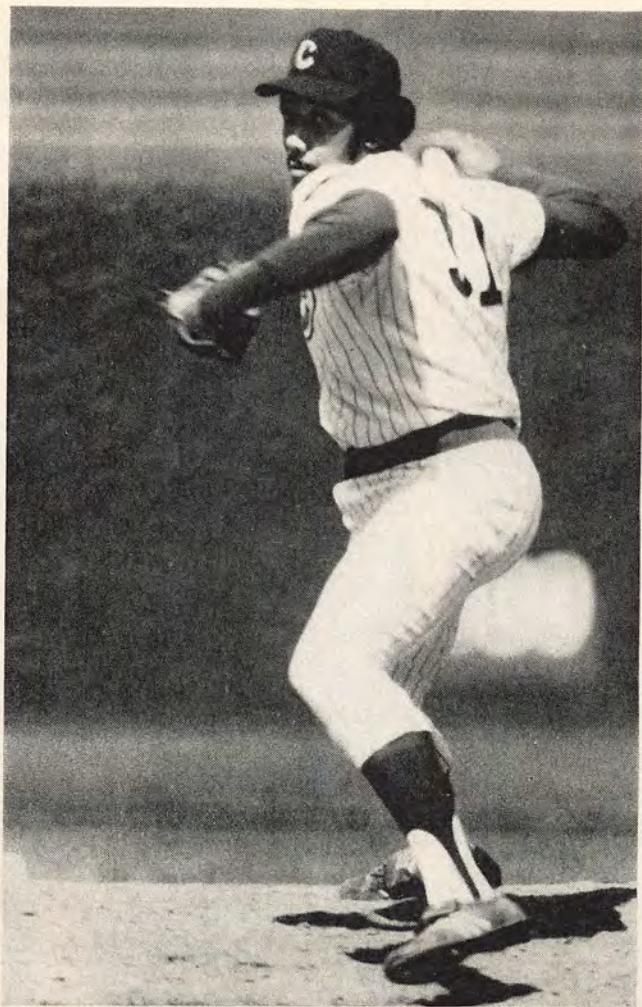
Jenkins cruised down Lawrence Avenue toward Lake Michigan. He could barely see out of his rear-view mirror. The back window was obstructed by

hockey sticks and skates, camping and hunting equipment, baseball gloves, golf clubs, children's toys and even dog bowls. Ferguson Jenkins shows dogs.

He stopped at a red light and pointed to an old converted theater. The marquee read "Rainbow Rink." "That's one of the places where I play hockey," Jenkins said. "I work out with some kids' leagues. Even during the baseball season."

Once, like most athletic young Canadians, Jenkins thought of becoming a professional hockey player. Had he succeeded, he might have become the first black star in the history of the National Hockey League. Instead, he now stands a good chance of becoming

In Chicago, Fergie docks "Taurus" which he owns with teammate and friend Billy Williams. In Chatham, Ontario, he docks his 14- and 18-foot outboards which he uses for fishing and duck hunting.



ing the first Canadian of any color in the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Jenkins turned onto Lake Shore Drive, aiming south, the luxury apartment buildings on his right suggesting one way of life, the waters of Lake Michigan on his left suggesting an alternate. Jenkins looked mostly to his left.

"That's Waveland Golf Course," he pointed out. "It's a public course where I'll go with some of the guys after a game to relax a little. We can get in nine or 12 holes before it gets dark."

Then, a little farther down the drive: "That's the Outer Drive Skeet Shooting range. Some days I come down here and buy a bunch of shells and let it all out. I have 30 guns now. I love to hunt. I hunt duck in Canada in October, deer in Pennsylvania in November, and pheasant in Illinois and moose in Canada in December. Then I go home and join a hockey league."

Lake Shore Drive turned into South Shore Drive, and Jenkins turned into the 59th Street Harbor. He parked and walked over to the dock to look at *Taurus*, the boat he and Billy Williams co-own. The 25-foot Chris Craft Cavalier sleeps four. It provides a perfect escape after a ballgame. Perhaps that explains why Jenkins wastes so little time when he's pitching. He has better places to go. "I have two other out-board-type boats at my off-season home in Canada," Jenkins said. "I have an 18-footer and a 14-footer for fishing and duck hunting."

Finally, Jenkins headed toward home. Way down near the south end of the city, almost to Gary, Indiana, he pulled into the underground garage of a modern white cement building. He found a parking spot for his brown station wagon among yellow and blue sports cars.

In the living room of his five-room apartment, Jenkins fixed himself a Seagram's VO and ginger ale. He stretched out among the green and gold furnish-

ings. Nature's colors. "Fergie's colors," said his petite wife Kathy. She sat on the carpet and played with their two daughters, Kelly Loren and Dolores Renee.

The room is dominated by two walnut bookcases flanking a color television set. The six shelves are crowded with hunting and fishing books that practically hide Fergie's own book, *Like Nobody Else*. Red, yellow and white ribbons—indicating second, third and fourth places awarded to his German pointers, Tip Top Timmie and Buckskin Sudden Sam—cover some of the books. No first-place ribbons yet, just like the Cubs.

Placed unobtrusively among everything else is a black plaque—decorated by a silver hand holding a baseball. It is the Cy Young Award, given to Jenkins as the best pitcher in the National League in 1971.

Jenkins' two greatest pleasures are his family and his prize winning German Pointers. When he stops winning 20 games a year, he plans to devote all his time to training and showing his dogs.



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Jenkins went into the bedroom to change out of the white knit shirt, blue paisley pants and white shoes he had been wearing. He returned in a brown-and-yellow plaid suit; Jenkins himself designed the suit, and his brother-in-law, Maurice Baron of Admiration Clothes in Montreal, manufactured it. "I was the first guy on the team to wear cuffs on my bells and heels on my shoes," Jenkins said. His clothes are stylish, but not flashy. He has seven or eight other Cubs buying their clothes in Montreal.

Jenkins ducked into the bedroom again and came out carrying his 35-millimeter camera equipment, his newest interest. "There are a lot of hours to fill in my life," he said. "I do all the things I ever wanted to do. I'm really a very happy man."

The next day, it was Jenkins' turn to pitch. Before the game, he sat calmly in front of his locker looking through *American Field* magazine, seeing if his dogs were listed. All the other pitchers were taking batting practice. He was relaxing.

Jenkins approaches a baseball game just as he approaches golf or fishing or dancing to Alice Cooper or Rare Earth. It is an important part of his life, but only a part.

At 1:10, he went out on the field to warm up. Two hours later, he was back in the clubhouse. He had given up three home runs and six runs to San Diego, but he was not shattered.

Outside Wrigley Field, a cab driver named Freddie was shattered. He sat in his cab and cursed the Cubs. "That Jenkins is sure having a good year," Freddie snapped. "He's racing Willie Stargell for the home-run crown. Stargell hit 24, and Jenkins gave up 25." Freddie got a fare to the airport, but even that didn't cheer him up. He was aggravated.

At about the same time Freddie reached O'Hare airport, Ferguson Jenkins arrived at Waveland Golf Course. The ballgame was behind him. It was time to focus on something else.

—MARTY BELL



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DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

DON LARSEN?



Don Larsen, who used to pitch for just about everybody in the major leagues, once did something that made him very unusual among ballplayers: He made a liar out of Satchel Paige.

The two men, more than a generation apart in age, were teammates during Larsen's rookie season, and Paige predicted that the young right-hander would become a great pitcher. The following season, 1954, pitching for the Baltimore Orioles, Larsen won three games and lost 21.

Larsen never did win more than 11 games in a big-league season, but he did manage one feat that made him unique among ballplayers: In 1956, he pitched the only perfect game in World Series history.

Larsen, by then a Yankee, faced 27 Brooklyn Dodgers in the fifth game of the '56 Series and retired all 27. He took the achievement in stride. "I guess everybody has one peak performance in him no matter what he does for a living," he said. "I guess that was mine."

Aside from his perfect game, Larsen's greatest accomplishments came after

games, particularly after night games. "The four walls of a hotel room used to drive me nuts," he later explained.

During spring training with the Yankees one year, Larsen drove into a Fort Lauderdale telephone pole at two o'clock one morning, prompting Casey Stengel to say: "Larsen likes to walk around at night. But he's the only man I know who needs a car to do it."

When Stengel chose Larsen to start the second game of the 1956 World Series, the manager told the young pitcher not to celebrate the night before. Larsen obeyed, and got knocked out of the game in the second inning. "That's the last time I'll ever go to bed early," he said.

Today, at 44, Don Larsen is a salesman for the Blake, Moffitt and Towne Paper Company and lives with his wife, Corrine, and their son in Morgan Hill, California. He enjoys a quiet, private life and insists that all the running around for which he was famous was overplayed. "I couldn't possibly," he says, "have been all those places I was supposed to be, all at once."

INSIDE FACTS BY ALLAN ROTH

If Rod Carew and Pete Rose succeed in their bids for league batting titles this season, they will join Tony Oliva and Carl Yastrzemski as the only active three-time champs. . . . Carew won the AL crown in 1969 and 1972, and Rose was the NL leader in 1968 and 1969. . . . Oliva led the AL in 1964-65-71, and Yastrzemski set the pace in 1963-67-68.

If Carew wins his second successive title this year, he will join Oliva, Rose, Yastrzemski and Tommy Davis (NL leader in 1962-63) as the only active players to win batting championships two years in a row. . . . In addition to the above, Hank Aaron is the only other active player who has led his league in batting more than once (1956 and 1959). . . .

Two other veterans, who have not been title contenders in recent years, won their only batting crowns early in their careers, Willie Mays, in 1954, and Al Kaline, in 1955.

Fifteen active players have been league batting leaders, six two-or-more-time champs, and nine one-time winners. . . . In addition to Kaline and Mays, the one-time champs have been Matty Alou, Rico Carty, Norm Cash, Alex Johnson, Frank Robinson, Joe Torre and Billy Williams. . . . Ten of the 15 players who have won batting titles began the 1973 season with lifetime averages of .300 or better and four were in the .290s. . . . Only Norm Cash, with a .273 lifetime average, has not been a high-average hitter throughout his career. (Next to his league-leading .361 in 1961, his best average was .286 in 1960.)

The most consistent batting title contender in recent years has been Tony

Oliva, who, in his eight full AL seasons (1964 through 1971), led the league three times, finished second twice, third twice and sixth in his only non-contending year (1967). . . . Roberto Clemente was a consistent contender in the NL leading four times and finishing in the top four in ten seasons. . . . Hank Aaron has ranked in the top five more frequently than any active player—11 times.

The closest batting race took place in the AL in 1970, when Alex Johnson nosed out Carl Yastrzemski on the last day of the season, .3289 to .3286, with Tony Oliva a close third (.325). . . . There were close races in the NL in 1968 and 1969, Pete Rose winning by three points each season (over Matty Alou and Roberto Clemente), but the next two seasons were runaways with the batting champ Rico Carty winning by 41 points over Manny Sanguillen and Joe Torre in 1970, and Torre winning by 20 points over Ralph Garr in 1971.

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*"It was sad enough having her call everything off.
But did she have to be so cruel?"*

"Good-bye Nick"

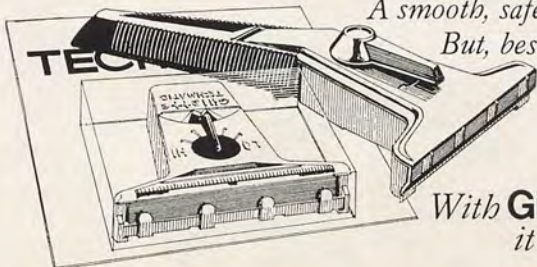
I walked around in the rain for hours after she said good-bye. It was sad enough, having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel? "Good-bye, Nick," she said. My name is Tom. Nick was what she called me though, because I always nicked myself when I shaved. The rain was loosening the bandage on my face.

It was late when I arrived at my apartment and found a small, plainly wrapped package at my door. I picked it up and went in. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, I sat down and opened the package.

Inside was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note carried her fragrance into the room and memories flooded my dulled mind. The Techmatic, she wrote, is adjustable so I can change the setting to fit my skin and beard. And instead of blades with corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. And it's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again.

A smooth, safe shave, she wrote.

*But, best of all, she signed it,
"Hello, Tom."*



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick

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SPORT BOOK- SHELF

ALWAYS ON THE RUN

BY LARRY CSONKA
AND JIM KIICK
WITH DAVE ANDERSON

Dave Anderson, the gifted sports columnist for *The New York Times*, resisted the temptation to call this book *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. He also resisted the temptation to use the editorial "we," to have two players speaking in one voice. Instead, throughout the book, Anderson alternates the words of Miami's Larry Csonka, printed in roman type, and the words of fellow Dolphin Jim Kiick, printed in italic type.

The result is a light-hearted, swift-paced book that is immensely readable. It is no shocking expose, but it does make a strong case for Tennessee bourbon as the proper lubricant for running backs.

Csonka and Kiick trace their lives on and off the field, weaving in skillful portraits of former and present teammates and opponents. They cover their college and pro careers, right up through the 1973 Super Bowl.

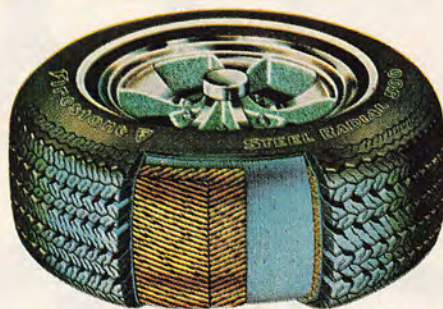
Don Shula, the Dolphin coach, is a major character, but not a beloved one. Shula's decision to move Mercury Morris ahead of Kiick last season angered both Kiick and Csonka, but both make it clear that their anger is directed at Shula, not at Morris. Anger is about the only thing Kiick does direct at Shula; he rarely gives the coach his attention (or so he says).

The device of alternating comments works well because whenever one of the partners threatens to become ponderous, the other interrupts with an insult or a needle. If Kiick and Csonka always worked as smoothly on the field as they do in print, Mercury Morris wouldn't have broken into the lineup.

Random House, New York, N.Y. \$6.95.



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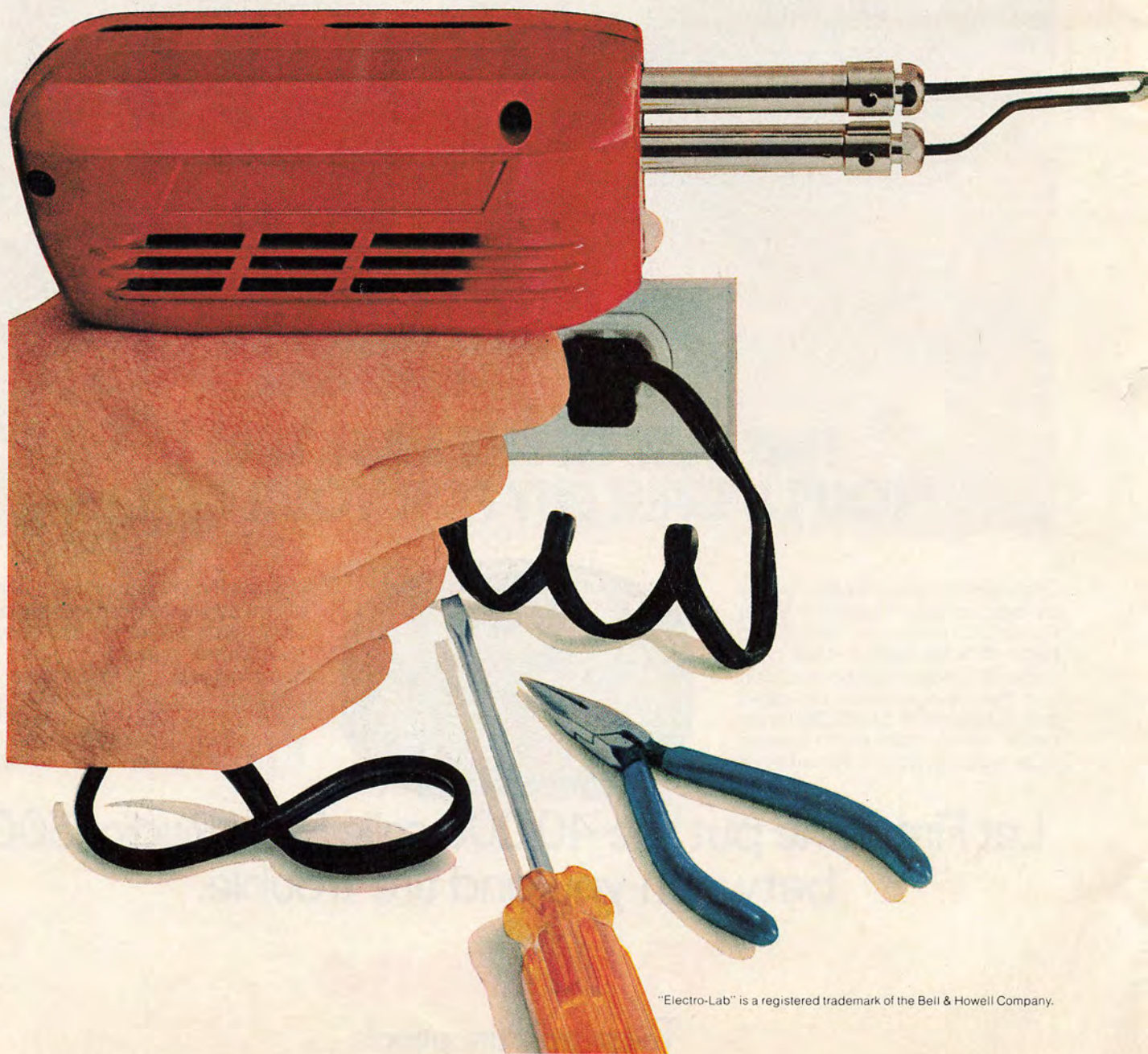
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In case you run into a sticky problem—or you want to discuss your project with an instructor—come in and see us. We've scheduled special "help sessions" regularly at the Bell & Howell Schools and in many other cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. Drop by. Meet an expert instructor in person. Talk over any rough spots with him—and with other students. You'll enjoy the chance to "talk shop."

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What's A Nice Georgia Cracker Doing In The Bronx?

BY DICK SCHAAP

Ron Blomberg, the ballplayer, shares one special skill with a distant cousin named Jerry Lewis: He can make people laugh.

They laugh at his Georgia drawl.

They laugh at his Southern-fried Jewishness.

They laugh at his enormous appetite.

They laugh at his boundless naiveté.

They laugh at his ingenuous ego.

They laugh at his weird floppy hats.

They laugh at his weird floppy fielding.

Everything about Ron Blomberg inspires good-natured laughter. Until he picks up a baseball bat.

Nobody laughs when Ron Blomberg stands up to swing.

Halfway into the 1973 baseball season, Ron Blomberg, the Jewish Yankee from Georgia, had his batting average up around .400, and if you think that's funny, you must hate pitchers. Since Ted Williams batted .406 a third of a century

ago, only two major leaguers have carried .400 averages as far as mid-season. The two were named Stan Musial and Ted Williams.

Ron Blomberg is not going to bat .400 in 1973. He is probably never going to bat .400, not even if Commissioner Bowie Kuhn pushes through a rule barring lefthanded pitchers from baseball (a radical move which, incidentally, Kuhn considered making in the spring, right after he heard about the Fritz Peterson-Mike Kekich wife swap).

But, given righthanded pitchers to face and an oversized bat to grip, Blomberg *is* going to bat .300, or maybe .320, or even .340. Blomberg doesn't just hit a baseball. He attacks it. He hurts it. At 25, six-foot-one-and-a-half and 205 pounds, Blomberg has massively powerful shoulders and incredibly quick, strong wrists. He puts those shoulders and wrists into a lefthanded swing that produces line drives the way rabbits produce rabbits.

"How would *you* describe your swing, Ron?"

"Classical," he says, with a—shucks—bashful grin. Then: "Gee, I don't know. I just look for the ball, and I hit it."

Analysis is not Ron Blomberg's forte.

Ron Blomberg, quite likely, is the figment of somebody's imagination, probably a press agent's. The basic facts of his existence defy belief; only the most shameless biographer would present them as truth.

I have no shame:

Blomberg grew up in Atlanta, Georgia, which makes him as Southern as Scarlet O'Hara, who couldn't hit as well. His home was not called Tara, but it was on Poplar Grove Drive, which ain't magnolias, but ain't bad.

Blomberg's parents are named Sol and Goldie, which is about as ethnic as you can get. His name is spelled Blomberg, but it is pro-



Georgia Cracker

CONTINUED

nounced *Bloomberg*. People who have watched Ron play first base insist that he must have dropped the "o," but Ron says the error has to be charged to one of his ancestors.

There was a berry bush in the front yard of the home on Poplar Grove Drive, and as a child, Bloomberg used to pick the berries, throw them up in the air one at a time and hit them with a stick. He says this is how he learned to hit. Obviously, considering later developments, he threw the berries up righthanded and hit them lefthanded. Obviously, too, he didn't get much of a chance to practice fielding berries.

(Ron's lefthandedness, by the way, is not pure. He writes lefthanded. But he plays golf righthanded. He throws a baseball lefthanded. But he throws a football righthanded. He thinks lefthanded.)

Bloomberg learned so well from batting berries that, as a Little Leaguer, he hit .989 one season. The statistic is Bloomberg's, and you may feel free to accept it or reject it. In order to bat .989, you must average 86 base hits in every 87 times at bat. My own suspicion is that after someone went, say, 80 for 81, even Little League pitchers would develop enough sense not to give him any pitches good enough to hit.

At Druid Hill High School, Ron's best sport was basketball. He was a high school All-America who was recruited by, among many schools, UCLA. He says he is not sorry he passed up UCLA, even though he realizes he would have been able to help Lew Alcindor with the rebounding.

At Druid Hill High, Ron did not play football. Still, for physical reasons, he was offered a football scholarship by, among several schools, the University of Alabama.

He says he is not sorry that Bear Bryant had to struggle along to the bowl games without him.

At Druid Hill High, Ron played baseball so well that, in 1967, when he graduated, the Yankees made him the first draft choice in the whole country. The Yankees had earned the honor of picking first by finishing last in 1966. They picked Bloomberg both for his bat and for his birthright. The Yankees did not do much better at the gate in 1966 than they did on the field, and they knew that a Jewish star in New York could sell a lot of tickets. (The Knicks, for instance, sell out every game, and they've only got a Jewish coach.)

Ron is equally proud of both his bat and his birthright. He has, on more than one occasion, called himself the greatest Jewish Yankee in history, and he is absolutely right. He is not exactly up against tremendous competition; he is only the third Jewish player in Yankee history. The first—James Hymie Solomon—lasted only two seasons, 1930 and 1931, and even worse, before he ever put on pinstripes, changed his name to Jimmy Reese. The second—Ed Levy—labored briefly for the Yankees during World War II, when their real players were off at war. Besides, Levy was only half-Jewish, on his father's side, which—according to Jewish religious laws—isn't even the strong side.

As the Yankees' greatest Jewish ballplayer, Bloomberg has already received half a dozen *mezzuzahs*—miniature Torahs—in the mail. He has kept all of them for good luck. He has also received offers to do commercials for Hebrew National salami and, he says, for Viva herring. (Actually, it is *Vita* herring, but what do they know about herring in Atlanta?) Ron intends to make the commercials during the off-season. "Y'all try Hebrew Na-

tional, you hear." He is probably the only man in the world who could do commercials for both Hebrew National and hushpuppies.

(Ron's first week as a Yankee, I interviewed him on television. At the end of our chat, I twisted a cliché and said, "It's funny, but you don't *sound* Jewish." Ron responded by reverting to the cliché; "I don't *look* Jewish, either," he said. As a result, I received a vast number of letters and phone calls, most of them claiming that, next to me, Adolf Eichmann was a liberal.)

Bloomberg met his wife, the former Mara Goldsmith, in Syracuse, New York, during his minor-league days. He was very suave. He approached her and fed her a terrific line. His first words were, "Are you Jewish?"

She didn't think *he* was, but she found him attractive anyway, so she said no. Ron looked very dejected. Each of them felt better with the discovery that the other really was Jewish. Ron exposed his true identity in the classic Clark Kent style: He pulled open his shirt to reveal his *mezzuzah*.

Ron now plays and lives in the Bronx, the borough that produced Hank Greenberg, who used to be the greatest Jewish-first baseman-hitter in history. To be specific, Ron lives in Riverdale, which is the scenic part of the Bronx. When Greenberg was playing for the Tigers, Detroit's resident poet, Edgar Masters, once wrote a poem in which he referred to Hank as "this Jewish boy from Bronxville," a line which may have scanned, but didn't figure. Back in those days, Bronxville, a town just north of New York City, was a severely restricted community; there were no signs saying, "Jew, don't let the sun set on your head in Bronxville," but the implication was clear. Riverdale, Ron and Mara Bloomberg's home, is about equidistant between Bronxville and Yankee Stadium, both geographically and socially.

Despite his religious upbringing, Bloomberg's tastes are catholic when

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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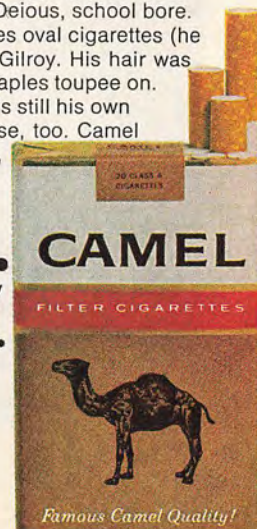
Won school essay contest with "The Art of Pre-Marital Dancing." Gimmick: 200 mm holder to balance his 100 mm cigarette.
2. No. It's Rah-Rah Mendelson, ex-cheerleader. Gimmick: He's wearing it. Smokes whatever he finds in his pouch. **3.** No.

At class reunions almost everybody has a gimmick. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Don Wand.

He's Moe Mentum, alias "Stone Hands" for dropping passes. Just dropped statue of school mascot. **4.** T. Deious, school bore. Gimmick: His voice, off-key contralto. Smokes oval cigarettes (he sat on his soft-pack and liked it). **5.** Curley Gilroy. His hair was voted "Most Likely to Recede." Gimmick: Staples toupee on. Also staples his roll-your-owns. **6.** Right. He's still his own man. Likes his cigarette honest, no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. **6a.** Kicky VIII, mascot. Has eyes only for Mendelson (see 2 above).

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Georgia Cracker

CONTINUED

it comes to food. He is happy eating at "21," which is very swanky, and he is happy eating at McDonald's, which is not. He is simply happy eating. He gobbles up everything except ground balls. At McDonald's, his idea of a snack is six or seven Big Mac's. When he was playing minor-league ball in North Carolina, he found a restaurant in Keenerville that offered a 72-ounce steak for \$25—or free to anyone who could finish it in an hour. Twice, on visits to Keenerville, Blomberg polished off the young steer inside the time limit. The following year, fortunately for

the restaurant, Ron was promoted to New Hampshire.

Neither North Carolina nor New Hampshire fully prepared Blomberg for the hazards of New York City. The week he joined the Yankees, in mid-season 1971, he found a message in his locker to call a Mr. Lyons at a certain phone number. Ron dutifully asked for Mr. Lyons, and when he heard that he had dialed the zoo, he caught on to the joke right away and hung up. He hung up quick. He didn't want to take any chances on the person who had answered the phone finding out who he was.

The same week, when Ron met me in a television studio, I guided him to a makeup room. He took one look at the Max Factor pancake, the powder puff and the eyeliner, and he said, "Oh, no, you ain't gonna put any of that stuff on me." It took a while, but Blomberg was finally persuaded that the makeup would make him appear much more attractive on television. He agreed to wear the makeup on the condition that the interview not be shown in his native Atlanta.

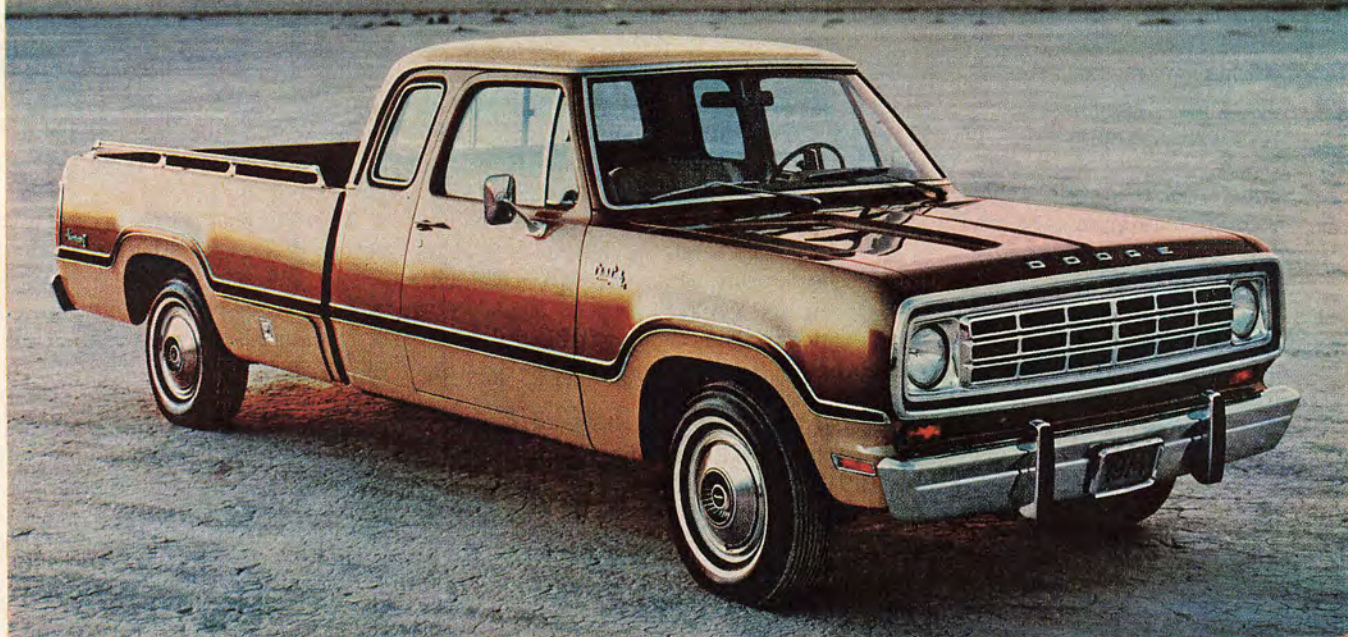
Ron knows that people are amused by his ways, and he goes out of his way to amuse them. During a Yankee road trip this year, when his batting average was still

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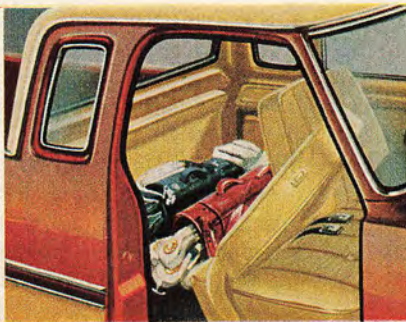


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Georgia Cracker

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on the sweet side of .400, when he was being sought out by reporters every day, he walked into the lobby of a hotel and spotted a sports-writer carrying the local newspapers. Ron asked if he could borrow the papers. "I'll give them back to you tonight," said Blomberg. "When you're interviewing me."

One of his Yankee teammates offers an intriguing theory about Blomberg's appealing blend of Huck Finn and Who, Me? "Ron is either very dumb," suggests the veteran teammate, "or very clever. I'm not sure which one it is."

There is a significant point to be raised about Ron Blomberg: How good a baseball player is he going to become?

The question can be divided into two parts:

Is he ever going to learn to hit lefthanders?

Is he ever going to learn to play first base?

Ron himself insists the answer to both parts is yes, but he's prejudiced. Ralph Houk, the Yankee manager, insists the answer to both parts is yes, but he's an incorrigible optimist (and, recently, an accurate optimist). "I can't for the life of me," says Houk, "figure out any reason why he won't be able to hit lefthanders. He's got the swing. He's got the strength. And he's such a conscientious kid."

Without much prompting, Blomberg will confess that Houk is right, that he is conscientious, that it's all just a matter of time. But in spring training of 1973, when Houk let Blomberg bat regularly against lefthanders, Ron failed so dismally and got so psyched up about it that his swing against righthanders suffered. Once the season began, and Houk fed Blomberg a strict diet of righthanders, it was the pitchers' turn to suffer. On very rare occasions, Houk allowed Blomberg to

face a lefty, and then he looked like a different hitter. "I noticed," Houk says, "that after facing a lefty, it would take him a few times at bat before he'd have his swing going again against righties."

Two-thirds of the way into the 1973 season, Blomberg was batting .360 against righties and .222 in his few appearances against lefties. The previous season, he had batted .326 against righties and .121 against lefties. Obviously, Ron was improving. Midway through 1973, he even hit his first major-league home run off a lefthander. The home run came off Mike Kekich, the ex-Yankee, and it came on a medium-speed fastball, thrown straight overhand, up over the heart of the plate.

"What did you think, Ron, when you saw it was going to be a home run?"

"I just wanted to get around the bases quick before Mike threw something at me."

Blomberg says he's certain Houk will let him play first base regularly in 1974, against all kinds of pitching. "I'll be in the lineup every single day," says Ron. "I've got to be. I've got too much natural ability."

The hitch is that a first baseman has to field. Blomberg's teammates call him Mr. Clank, a tribute to his glove, and he doesn't resent the nickname. "I'm an easy-going, happy-go-lucky guy," he says. "I don't mind being kidded. I like people. Even if I make three errors, I'm not going to get too upset."

During the 1973 season, the Yankees one day had a perfect opportunity for a triple play. Almost perfect: The only problem was that, in order to complete the triple play, Blomberg had to catch a throw from shortstop Gene Michael. Michael made a perfect throw. Blomberg dropped it. That time, he was very upset. "Why, I've never even seen a triple play," Ron moaned.

There was a ten-week stretch in the middle of the season when Ron stopped making errors. There was a good reason. Simultaneously, he stopped playing first base. He had suffered a pulled groin muscle, which made it impossible for him to stretch, but didn't hamper his hitting. Houk pulled him out of the field and used him exclusively as the designated hitter against righthanders. (On Opening Day, 1973, Blomberg put himself in the Baseball Hall of Fame by becoming the first designated hitter to go to bat in the history of the game. When someone told Ron that the Hall of Fame would like the bat he used, he asked, "Would they take my glove, too?")

The Yankees were in first place practically every day during the period Blomberg was waiting for his injury to heal. That may be only coincidental, but one Yankee thinks not. "That was the best thing that could happen to this club," the Yankee says. "It really helped us that Ron couldn't do anything except hit. We've got a few pitchers who don't feel too comfortable when they know Ron's at first base, backing them up."

The Yankee who knocked Blomberg's fielding added one comment: "Don't get me wrong. I love Ronnie. He's great to have around. It's just that he's been coddled all his life—by his family and by the ball-club."

One member of the Yankee organization—a man who has worked with Blomberg, coaching him and encouraging him—offers a more serious indictment. "He's a helluva hitter," the man says. "But he's never going to get any better. He won't listen. He nods and he nods and he nods, but he doesn't listen. He may end up being the greatest designated hitter in history—against righthanders—but that's all he'll be."

The man is wrong. Ron is already the greatest lefthanded-Jewish-Georgian-Yankee-first baseman in history. And he'd be the first to admit it. ■

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KEN HOLTZMAN HAS A PROBLEM: HE LIKES LIVING IN OAKLAND

BY GLENN DICKEY

After the Oakland A's won the 1972 World Series, a drama so tense the excitement actually filtered all the way to San Francisco, the championship players looked forward to a pleasant and profitable winter. They had visions of television appearances, commercials, endorsements—all the modern fruits of victory.

But once the victory parade was over, and a quick hairspray commercial disposed of, the A's found themselves tumbling downhill faster than a cable car. The people of the San Francisco Bay area simply do not treat local athletes with awe; after all, if you can look at the Pacific within minutes, any lesser sight isn't quite so impressive. The works

of Ozymandias were more enduring than the victory of the Oakland A's.

The players raised their speaking fees from \$50 to \$500, and they found out, fast, that at those prices, nobody wanted them.

Naturally, the A's countered indifference with bitterness. They expressed their dissatisfaction with the city of Oakland, and the ballpark. They called the Oakland Coliseum the "Mausoleum," because of its grayness and its emptiness. They complained about the parking facilities for their wives. They groaned about treacherous little holes in the outfield. They put down their fans. They stopped just short of knocking the Pacific.

But one member of the world champions didn't complain. Ken Holtzman was happy. Holtzman had spent six increasingly unhappy years in Chicago—he had served his sentence under Leo Durocher—and he had wanted to be traded, in the worst possible way. Instead, he had been traded in the best possible way. He was a world champion, and he loved Oakland. He had found a home for his family and for his left arm. He showed his happiness right from the start of the 1973 season. While the A's got off to a slow start on the field and at the gate, Holtzman got off like a sprinter. He was a strong bet to win 20 games for the first time in his major-league career.

LIVING IN OAKLAND

CONTINUED

"I had asked to be traded," Holtzman says, "but I didn't make any demands. I never asked to be traded to a contender. When John Holland (Chicago vice president) called me and told me I'd been traded to Oakland, it didn't really dawn on me for a minute because I wasn't that familiar with teams in the other league. I just said, 'Fine, thank you,' and hung up. But then I got to thinking: The A's had to be a good club because they'd won their division the year before, and I'd have a chance to get into the World Series with them."

Holtzman dislikes talking about his Chicago situation—"I don't want to be thought of as the kind of guy who causes trouble," he says—but it is obvious that the World Series is the key to both his unhappiness in Chicago and his subsequent joy in Oakland.

"I'd be a fool to say I hate Chicago," he says. "I met my wife there, some of my best friends are there, my college roommate lives there, my in-laws are there. It was just that I wanted to pitch in a World Series, and I didn't think I would make it with the Cubs."

"The talent was there, but it seemed like every year, something happened. I always felt, even when we were leading the division, that we expected the worst to happen. We were looking for Pittsburgh or St. Louis to get hot and pass us, or we were expecting to hit a losing streak and fall out of the lead."

Part of Holtzman's unhappiness in those days was personal. "I wasn't happy when Leo Durocher was quoted in the paper saying I wasn't trying, or that time in 1971 when Phil Wrigley said Ernie Banks was the only one who really wanted to win."

Most of his unhappiness stemmed from the team's problems with manager Durocher. "I didn't have any real trouble with Leo," says Holtzman. "I got along all right with him. But I didn't like the way he'd criticize players sometimes in the papers, instead of confronting a player directly. And I think Leo had a little trouble communicating with some of the younger players. Baseball has changed a lot since Leo was a player. You're not getting a lot of players from small towns in the South anymore. The players are very intelligent now. You've got players in the game with college degrees, sometimes even masters degrees. I don't think Leo understood that."

"I think after awhile, the Cubs were playing defensively because of Leo. For years, the Cubs were always last in stolen bases. Why? It wasn't because we had no speed, because we did have some guys who could run. I think it might have been because they were afraid to run, afraid they might get thrown out or picked off because then Leo would yell at them when they came back to the dugout."

And so, Holtzman was traded after the 1971 season, in which he had logged a 9-15 record with a 4.48 earned run average, for centerfielder Rick Monday, a bonus baby of whom the A's had perhaps expected too much and who had never played up to expectations.

The trade worked well for the Cubs, because Monday gave them a solid performer in center field, and it worked out spectacularly for the A's. When Vida Blue was late signing in 1972 and ineffective after he finally did, Ken became the A's top lefty, winning 19 games. "He and (Catfish) Hunter were our stoppers," says Dick Williams, the A's manager. "They kept us from ever going into a long losing streak."

And Holtzman himself couldn't have been happier, when the A's got into the World Series. "That whole week, I walked around like a little kid," he says. "I was just so happy to be there. Ernie Banks

used to tell me you had to have a lot of kid in you to play this game, and I know now what he meant." Holtzman started the first and fifth games of the Series, both of which the A's won, 3-2. He got credit for the win in the opener.

The emotional way he approached the World Series is out of character for Holtzman, who approaches his work intellectually and as dispassionately as possible, which is one reason he doesn't complain about the lack of fans in the Oakland Coliseum seats. "I'm not conscious of the crowd," he says. "In Chicago, when we had large crowds, day after day, I wasn't aware of them, and I'm not aware here if we have large crowds or small ones. I don't pitch for the fans. That makes it sound as if I don't care about the fans, which isn't true; I do. But I have to satisfy myself. I want to be able to go home knowing I did my best."

With his teammates, Holtzman is friendly but not effusively so. "I play cards on the plane," he says, "but I'm not really outgoing. When we go on the road, I like to buy four or five paperbacks in the terminal so I'll have something to read in my hotel room. I don't feel like going out on the town."

He is a thoughtful man, both about the game and his life, and he seldom answers questions quickly. He thinks them over carefully, almost savoring them, as the smoke from his cigarette curls past the wispy mustache that is almost a requirement on the A's.

Obviously, Holtzman is no super-jock, aimed at the majors from the time he threw a lefthanded rattle out of the baby carriage. His career is almost an accident. The talent was there from the start—he was the Most Valuable Player on a state championship team in high school in St. Louis—but it was only after a serious weighing of alternatives that he decided on a baseball career.

"I knew if I played baseball, I'd be behind when I entered business," he says. "Say I played until I was 31; I'd be ten years behind the guys

I graduated college with. So, I had to be assured that I would get enough money to make it financially worthwhile to me."

He did, getting an estimated \$65,000 bonus from the Cubs after his junior year of college, and started professional baseball in 1965. He played only a couple of months in the minors, coming up to the Cubs to stay in late 1965; he went back after the season to get his degree at the University of Illinois.

It was in Chicago that he learned the art of pitching, mostly by talking to teammate Bill Hands. "Bill knows more about pitching than anybody I've ever talked to," says

Holtzman. "He taught me that there was more to pitching than just physical ability. He taught me how to adjust on those days when I didn't have my best stuff, so I wasn't dependent on that.

"I think the time I finally learned how to pitch came in 1968, and it was from one game to the next. One game I was a thrower, and the next I was a pitcher. Before that, I just went out and threw as hard as I could for as long as I could. I don't like to talk about pacing myself because most fans think that means you're throwing half-speed pitches in the early innings. If you do that, you'll be out of there in a

hurry. But you do work so that if you have to reach back for something extra in the late innings, it'll be there."

Holtzman's pitching seems almost effortless. He has a definite rhythm and he believes pitching quickly keeps that rhythm intact. It is not uncommon for his games to finish in two hours and he pitched one game in early season—a 4-1 win over Texas—that took only an hour and 39 minutes.

His success is no mystery. "His control is what makes him effective," says A's catcher Ray Fosse. "He's got good stuff, too, of course, but the main thing is, he can get the ball where he wants it."

"I've never seen a pitcher who throws as fast as he does who has his control," says A's pitching coach Wes Stock. "He's amazing. He gets the ball exactly where he wants it time after time. You keep waiting for him to miss, but he almost never does. He's like a machine."

Part of Holtzman's control comes, strangely, from his recent change in parks. At Chicago, Holtzman averaged three walks a game; with the A's, that has been cut to less than two. "Wrigley Field is a hitter's park," he says. "You always have the feeling that if you make a mistake, it's a home run. And even when the wind is blowing in, it's still a good park for hitters because it has a good hitting background and it's almost impossible to foul out because the stands are so close to the field. I'm a fastball pitcher, but I felt I had to use my curve a lot there and I couldn't control it as well. Since I came to the A's, I've just concentrated on getting the ball over and keeping runners off the bases. That's really helped me. A bad pitch can still hurt you, but it's not so easy to hit the ball out here."

But there's more than just a proper setting to Holtzman's fine control. "Sometimes he doesn't have his control at the start of the game," says

"He's got good stuff," says Holtzman's catcher Ray Fosse, "but the main thing is, he can get the ball where he wants it."



LIVING IN OAKLAND

CONTINUED

Fosse, "but he'll keep working on it until he gets it. Some pitchers, when they're off at the start of the game, start fighting themselves, but he never does."

"That's a matter of maturity," says Holtzman. "I used to get down on myself when I was younger when I'd start off poorly, but now I know I just have to adjust."

Williams would like Holtzman to throw more breaking stuff, but Holtzman has his own ideas about that. "My fastball is my best pitch," he says. "I have much better control with it than with the curve. If I get in a tight spot, 99 percent of the time I'm going to throw my fastball, my best pitch. I don't want to leave here knowing I got beat because I threw the batter my second best pitch."

"I had a game this season where I threw 97 pitches and 91 of them were fastballs. I can vary the way it moves by changing my grip a little. One pitch might sink, not an awful lot, but enough. Another one might come in on a flat trajectory. Then, I can adjust my grip and make it move away from a right-handed hitter."

Holtzman has thought a lot about the art of pitching, and he's talked about it a lot with other pitchers. "I think pitching coaches tend to be too concerned with the mechanics of pitching when they should be thinking about strategy," he says. "They think that when a pitcher gives up a home run, it's because he didn't follow through enough and got the pitch too high, but it may have been because the pitcher just threw the wrong pitch. He may have wanted to throw the ball high."

"There's a lot to pitching. I'll give you an example: Concentra-

tion is the biggest part of pitching, but sometimes when I've had trouble, it's because I've been concentrating too hard on each pitch and not thinking in sequence. You have to think in terms of two or three pitches at a time. You put one pitch in one spot to set up the next two pitches. One time I might start a hitter out with an inside pitch to let him know I've got it. Another time I might throw a couple of pitches outside to set him up for an inside pitch.

"Different situations affect you. If I'm pitching to Richie Allen when I've got a good lead, for instance, I'll try to get the ball over because I don't want to walk him and have the next hitter hit it out. But if the game is tied in the late innings, I'm not going to pitch to him because he's too good. I'd rather take my chances with somebody else."

Starting pitchers are in an unique situation on a baseball team: Pitching only every fourth game, at best, unless they're made like steel or Wood, they have a lot of time to think. In the case of a thinking man like Holtzman, one of the things he thinks about is the very theory of starting pitchers. "For 100 years, starting pitchers have gone every four days because that's what somebody thought was right. Is it? Maybe there are some pitchers who could go oftener. I don't think I could, or would want to; I think it would shorten my career. But it's typical that nobody has really thought about it. There are a lot of things done in this game simply because they've always been done."

Ironically, Holtzman soon proved his point. We had been talking in the A's dugout and he was called up with the other pitchers to take batting practice. Because of the designated hitter rule, the American League pitchers don't bat this year, but they still take batting practice. If it was good enough for Abner Doubleday. . . .

"It doesn't make much sense, does it?" asked Holtzman rhetorically when he returned. "Nobody has said anything about it. I like the designated hitter rule, though. I

think it's really helped our league.

"There are some other changes I'd like to see. I think baseball is crying out for inter-league play. And Charlie Finley has an idea that intrigues me: Changing the ball-strike count to three balls, three strikes. That might not seem like much of a change to the average fan, but it would make a big change in every pitcher's strategy. A lot of pitchers like to throw the first pitch just away from the plate, but they wouldn't be able to do that anymore. You'd have to make sure the first pitch was a strike because if you missed with that, you'd have to make the second one too good a pitch because if you had two balls right away, you'd be walking the park."

At 28, Holtzman also thinks of his future away from baseball. He and his wife, Michelle, and infant daughter, Robyn, live in Walnut Creek, a suburb of Oakland. Like others before him, Holtzman has been seduced by the soft California climate and he'd like to make it his permanent home, away from the hot summers and harsh winters of the Midwest.

"It sounds funny when it looks like I've finally arrived, when I'm getting up to where the big money is, to be talking of retiring," he says, "but I'm tired of living out of a suitcase, and in the last couple of years, I've become aware of other responsibilities. Don't get me wrong: When I'm out on the field, that's all I'm thinking about, but off the field, I'm aware there's more to life."

"I figure I'll pitch maybe two, three more years. I'll have my ten-year pension then. I've never thought I'd be the kind of guy who would pitch 17 years. When the thrill is gone, when it's a chore to suit up, that's when I'll quit."

"I've never had any personal goals, like winning 20 games. All I ever wanted to do was be in a World Series and I've done that, so everything else will be anticlimactic."

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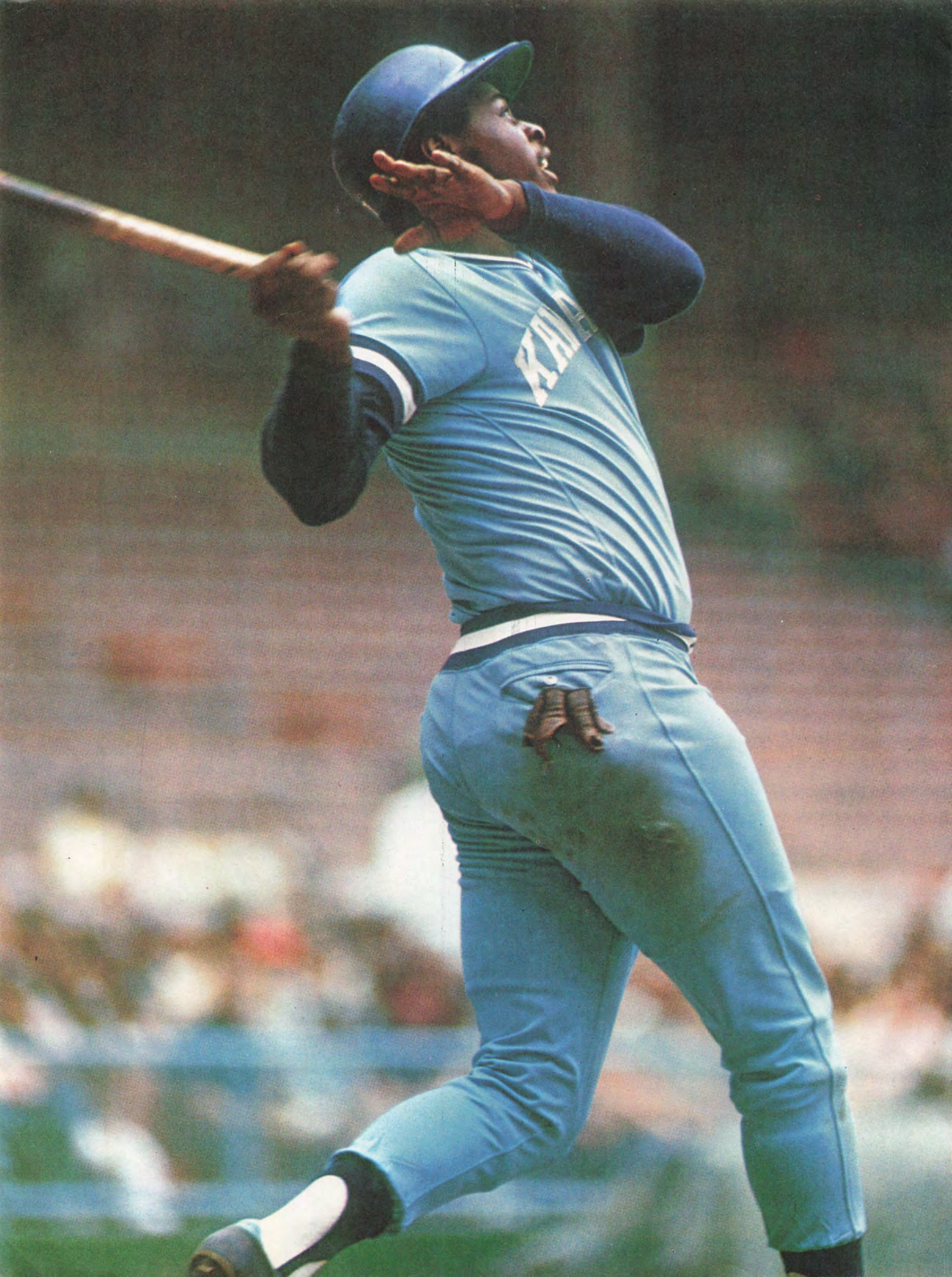
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On a drizzly summer night in Boston's Fenway Park, John Mayberry of the Kansas City Royals stepped to bat in the third inning, with two men out, runners on first and third and Boston leading by three runs. His job was simple: To reduce, or eliminate, Boston's lead.

Big John, an imposing sight at six-foot-three and 220 pounds, methodically kicked dirt on the back line of the batter's box, deliberately trying to obscure it. Mayberry doesn't like the back line of a batter's box; it interferes with his natural batting stance. A lefthanded hitter, he likes to sneak his left foot slightly behind the line. Finally, the umpire redrew the line, and Mayberry took his stance, eyed pitcher Marty Pattin coolly and went through the bat-twirling motion that he admits was influenced by Willie Stargell. Mayberry carefully looked over the first two pitches, both balls. He doesn't swing at pitches outside the strike zone.

The third pitch looked inviting, a possible home run ball that could tie up the game. Mayberry swung, a big swing, with power and muscle and snap. He missed. Then, with the count two and one, Mayberry watched a curve catch the outside corner. Pattin took a deep breath, set, and stepped off the rubber. The veteran pitcher gave the young slugger a little extra time to worry about those last two strikes. Pattin set again, and Mayberry stepped out of the box. The young slugger let the veteran pitcher know that he was too cool to be psyched.

But Pattin knew something else, something that might give him an edge in the duel. He knew that Mayberry had to be anxious for a home run. Pattin's next pitch was a changeup, the pitch that destroys an eager slugger's timing. Mayberry watched the tempting grapefruit of a pitch coming to the plate . . . resisted the impulse to try to overpower it . . . waited an extra

fraction of a second, adjusting his timing . . . then lined the ball sharply into right for a single, scoring one run and moving the other runner to third.

A home run would have been much more dramatic. A strikeout would have been dramatic, too, especially considering the Boston setting. But John Mayberry, despite his youth, knows enough to put results before drama. So he did his job. He drove in a run and cut Boston's lead to two runs. He is a specialist. He hits plenty of home runs, keeps his average close to .300 and fields as well as any first baseman in the league. But what he does best is drive home runs.

Last year, in his first full season in the majors, John Mayberry drove in 100 runs, which put him second in the American League. Only two other active players—Harmon Killebrew and Willie Horton—produced 100 RBIs in their first full seasons. This year, well past mid-season, Mayberry was driving runs home at a rate of almost one a game. He could well exceed 125 RBIs this year.

A very convincing argument can

be made that RBIs are the most important of all batting statistics. After all, runs are what win games—not hits and not home runs. Yet, strangely, batting averages and home run totals remain the glamor statistics. How many people who know that Roger Maris' 61* home runs broke Babe Ruth's season record of 60, and that Ted Williams was the last .400 hitter, also know that Hack Wilson's 190 is the record for RBIs in a season or that the last player to have a 150-RBI season was a man who is now Baltimore's designated hitter—Tommy Davis.

The RBI man does, however, receive the recognition he deserves in at least one area. In the past 25 years, the man who led his league in RBIs has also been his league's Most Valuable Player 23 times. The home run leader has been MVP only 14 times and the batting champion eight times. There is no more eloquent tribute to the worth of the RBI.

To be a top RBI man, a player has to have an uncommon blend of physical, mental and emotional attributes. First, he must be an outstanding athlete, one who combines a sharp eye and quick batting reflexes with the sheer strength to hit the long ball. Second, he must learn to discipline his batting instincts and use all his intelligence against a pitcher in those heightened men-on-base duels. And third, he must have a rare temperament to be able to handle, consistently, high-pressure situations.

John Mayberry, at 23, possesses that combination.

Even in street clothes, Mayberry, who moves with an ease and grace not often found in men his size, strikes you as an athlete. But you'd probably guess linebacker rather than first baseman.

Mayberry Ought To Be A Chauffeur; He Drives So Many Men Home

BY NORMAN LEWIS SMITH

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Surprisingly, he never played football in high school. "I was scared," he says wryly. Actually, he was too valuable in two sports to be risked in a third. He attended Northwestern High in Detroit, a school that also produced such athletes as Willie Horton and Ron and Alex Johnson. "They didn't want me to play football," John explains. "I played basketball and baseball, and I guess that was enough. When I was coming out of high school, I had a lot of college scholarship offers—combining basketball and baseball."

Mayberry says he was good enough in basketball to outscore Ralph Simpson of the Denver Rockets when their high-school teams met. But when John graduated from Northwestern in 1967, the Houston Astros drafted him No. 1. "So I took the money (a \$30,000 bonus)," Mayberry says, "and tried to make it in baseball."

For a 17-year-old fresh from high school, he did well that summer, hitting .252 with four home runs and 21 RBIs in 50 games in the Appalachian League. But it didn't compare to what Mayberry did as an 18-year-old. He began in 1968 with Cocoa in the Florida State League and, after 64 games, was hitting .338 with 14 home runs and 48 RBIs. Promoted to Greensboro of the Carolina League, he hit .329 with eight home runs and 29 RBIs. Then he finished out the minor-league season in Triple-A ball at Oklahoma City. Houston brought him up to the big leagues for the last few games of the season. "We were playing Cincinnati when I broke in—against Mel Queen," Mayberry recalls. "He blew me away. I was kinda nervous."

In 1969, Mayberry started the season with Oklahoma City and batted .303 with 21 home runs and 78 RBIs. Again, he got a brief promotion to Houston, but had only

four at-bats before the season ended. For the next two years, Mayberry commuted between Oklahoma City and Houston.

It was a great way to see the Southwest, but a frustrating way to play baseball. Every time John thought he was about to settle into a good hitting groove at Houston, he'd be sent down again. But instead of brooding, he spent his time working and learning, or at least trying to learn. He did his best to follow what his Houston coaches and manager Harry Walker would tell him about batting, but it wasn't easy. "Walker would tell me to do this, do that, do this, do that," Mayberry complains. "I was confused, man. I couldn't quite get it. I don't know why, I used to practice every day. When I went up to bat, I'd be thinking about doing this and doing that and by that time, the ball was by me."

Mayberry also spent extra time working on his fielding. "I knew I wasn't going to play so I had to earn my money some kind of way," he says. "When the regulars were hitting, I used to field a lot of ground balls, just to be doing something, like I wasn't just standing around. After a while, they started putting me in for defense in late innings."

At the end of the 1971 season, John had strong statistics for his 64 games at Oklahoma City, but only a .182 average with seven home runs and 14 RBIs at Houston. In late November, Houston acquired Lee May, a slugging first baseman, from Cincinnati. "Before they got May, I didn't think I was going to be traded," says Mayberry. "But after they got May, I said, 'Oh, man I'm not gonna never play here anymore.'"

In early December, he was traded to Kansas City with a minor-league infielder for pitchers Jim York and Lance Clemons. It was a trade that may rank with those that sent Frank Robinson and Dick Allen from the National to the American League; whenever the American League finds itself short of power hitters, it seems, the Na-

tional League obligingly supplies one—at cut rates.

Mayberry was happy with the trade, and he was confident. "I've always been a guy who thought I could do a good job on the field, swinging a bat," he says. "In the National League, I never really got a chance to know the league."

It took him a little time to learn the American League. After 41 games in 1972, he was batting only .222. But the first-base job was his, and he wasn't worried. "Yeah, I was really going bad," he remembers, "but I was making good contact." Then, in June, he got hot, and by the end of the season, he had reached magic numbers—100 RBIs, 25 home runs and just two points under a .300 average. This year, he started fast and kept up the pace, leading the league in RBIs, challenging Reggie Jackson for the home run title and staying near the top ten in batting average deep into the season.

John Mayberry's sudden stardom surprised people. What baseball men find most surprising is his sophistication and maturity as a batter. Kansas City's special-assignment scout and former manager Bob Lemon says, "I've never seen anybody as good as he is at his age for knowing the strike zone. Most big swingers have no idea what a strike is at that age. They learn it, but it's usually when they're three or four years older." Charlie Lau, the Royals' hitting instructor, agrees. "The thing that surprised me most about him last season was his discipline," says Lau. "He went bad for a month, but he didn't lose the strike zone. He probably has the best strike zone of anyone on the team."

Opposing players are equally impressed, though not nearly so pleased. Asked what he calls for against Mayberry, Boston catcher Carlton Fisk says, "I try to mix 'em up. He doesn't swing at many bad pitches. We try to set him up for a pitch, but he doesn't go for setup pitches." Fisk shakes his head. "I don't think we know how to pitch him yet," he admits.

He Drives

CONTINUED

A fast learner, a gifted and intelligent hitter, John Mayberry also has something else going for him—an ability to keep cool under pressure, on the field and off.

With the Royals in the pennant race through most of the season, and Mayberry their main power hitter, he carries a heavy responsibility for producing runs. "You try to work around to where he can open up the situation," says man-

ager Jack McKeon. "The pitchers are so damn careful that he's not getting anything to hit. They work around him." But John produces runs, anyway. As he explains, "This is a good hitting team, but it's not a team like Pittsburgh or Cincinnati—about three or four guys who hit 15 or better home runs. So I kinda take some responsibility on myself. Sometimes I go up there and we need a couple of runs, so I gotta go for it."

"He's a tough clutch hitter," says McKeon. "I've seen a lot of guys come into baseball, but he rises to the occasion better than anyone I've

seen. He doesn't get upset. That's the reason he's so good as a hitter—very even tempered."

Mayberry's even temper has helped him handle the super pressures a budding superstar finds off the field. Money, for instance.

Mayberry has taken a rather unusual approach to money ever since the \$30,000 bonus he received at 17. "I just saved it," he says. When he negotiated his present contract with the Royals last winter, he took a substantial amount in deferred

Big John can catch a baseball as well as hit it. Last year he led the league's first basemen in put-outs and doubleplays.



income, so much, in fact, that general manager Cedric Tallis worried John wouldn't have enough to live on and urged him to take more in current salary. Mayberry declined. "I wanted to save some money," he explains. "What am I going to do with all that money? I'm single and don't have that many responsibilities. I guess every player wants to have something when he comes out of baseball."

Right now John is being besieged by agents and management companies who think they have better ideas than simply savings accounts. "You know how it is," he says, with a shrug, "everybody wants to help you with your money." But there's not much danger Mayberry will wind up in bankruptcy court over a fast-failing fast-food franchise. He probably will never have the big endorsements of a Seaver or an Aaron, but he probably won't miss them, either.

Publicity is something else Mayberry handles with ease. To praise, he usually responds, "Man, I'm just

swinging," or "I'm just lucky." When the term superstar came up in a recent conversation, he said, "I don't even think of myself as something like that. I'm just playing the game, that's all I know." It sounds a little like old-fashioned humble baseball player talk, but with Mayberry it's more a matter of keeping his perspective by underplaying things; that's his style.

Sometimes, though, he'll slyly overdo the underplay. Ask him how bachelor life is for a baseball star, and he'll reply, "Man, I'm just going through the motions." A moment later, he'll display much more enthusiasm in checking out all of the passing skirts on the street. During that summer series at Boston, Mayberry found himself maneuvered into having lunch with an athletes' agent trying to sign him up. After the lunch, at an expensive restaurant near the agent's luxurious offices, the agent reached for the check, and John feigned surprise. "You mean all this is on your company?" he asked with a

look of total innocence.

The Boston series was important for both teams. The Red Sox were moving into contention in the Eastern Division; the Royals were in the thick of the Western race. Boston manager Eddie Kasko's main concern was how to stop John Mayberry. "He looks like King Kong, Ted Williams and all the other great hitters rolled into one," Kasko said. "We've tried every way we know how to pitch to him, except telling him what's coming. . . . And we may try that next."

Kasko's Red Sox won all three games, but it certainly wasn't John Mayberry's fault. In his 12 times at bat, he had five hits. He was only two for seven when he came to bat with the bases empty, but in the five times he came to bat with men on base, he got three hits and drove home three runs. In other words, Mayberry hit twice as well when the pressure was greatest. That tells you all you need to know about John Mayberry. ■



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TK-A-CZ-U-K Spells Trouble

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

Walter Tkaczuk has never scored 30 goals in a season. He's never had a hat trick, never made the National Hockey League All-Star team. He isn't the fastest or flashiest skater in the NHL, on the Rangers, even on his own line. There are no anticipatory cheers when he starts up the ice the way an Orr, a Hull, a Cournoyer, or a Brad Park can set the fans screaming. Off the ice, with his quiet clothes, his horn-rimmed glasses, his modest life-style, and his open, friendly face, he might be mistaken for an insurance salesman or a law school student.

Why, then, is Walter Tkaczuk paid \$150,000 a year to play hockey for the New York Rangers? Why did his teammates select him last season as their most valuable player? Why do most observers tag Tkaczuk as the key man in the Rangers' seemingly endless quest for the Stanley Cup?

The numbers won't tell you very much: He was the Rangers' leading scorer in the 1969-70 and 1970-71 seasons, their leading scorer in last spring's Cup play with seven goals and nine points and a member of the most effective penalty-killing team in the NHL last season.

Those numbers don't add up to \$150,000, but when you close the record books and look at the ice, you find the real explanation for the worth of Walter Tkaczuk. Watch him knock down the strongest man in the league with his shoulder to set up a goal. Watch Tkaczuk and teammate Bill Fairbairn stifle a power play, sliding

the puck back and forth, eluding wingers in a Canadian version of keepaway. Watch Tkaczuk, a center, dive into the corners to pull the puck away from a defender, flinging it to the point or the slot to set up a goal. Watch this 25-year-old steady his team and deflate his rivals, and you realize you're watching a spectacularly unspectacular hockey player.

"I would pick him as one of the premier centers in the league, the best hockey player the Rangers have without a doubt," comments Boston's Derek Sanderson, who watched the Rangers destroy the heavily-favored Bruins in five games in the opening round of 1973 Cup play. "If I was to pick a player to be injured, it'd be him. He's probably one of the strongest skaters in the business; he's very good with the puck, a good shot, a tremendous forechecker. He's got all the tools, all the moves."

"He has mobility for a big man," says linemate Steve Vickers, whom Tkaczuk helped make last season's NHL Rookie of the Year. "He's a great player. And like Esposito, his secret is his mobility. I tell you, there's no way I'd have gotten 30 goals without him."

Adds Ranger defenseman Brad Park, "He's so strong on his skates, you can't run a player like Tkaczuk out. He just bowls you over, boom! I played against him in juniors and he bowled *me* over a few times. I'd rather be playing with him."

The accolades from his fellow players have not made Tkaczuk a

superstar in New York City, where basketball in general and the Knicks in particular have first call on the hearts of sports fans and writers. Apart from the high-scoring Ratelle-Gilbert-Hadfield line and the goal-mouth heroics of Ed Giacomin, the skills of Ranger athletes are not celebrated *seriatim*, as are the attributes of every Knickerbocker from Walt Frazier to Danny Whelan, the trainer. New York sports fans are the wisest of basketball observers; they are as likely to cheer a smart defensive maneuver or good pass as a brilliant move to the basket. On the other hand, Ranger fans love not wisely, but too well, with a desperate, bitter-sweet longing that comes only to a suitor whose dreams die every spring for 33 years. What Walter Tkaczuk does is not writ large in the hearts of the average New York sports fan; indeed, he is still, after five full NHL seasons, as likely to be called "Tay-chuck" as "Kachook" (which happens to be how *he* pronounces his name). Yet Walter Tkaczuk, who wins and saves hockey games, deserves—if not proper pronunciation—at least proper recognition.

Tkaczuk's most recognizable attribute is his strength.

"He's an exceptionally strong individual," Boston's Doug Roberts said glumly after a Stanley Cup defeat last season. "He's solid on his feet; you just can't knock him off the puck."

"First of all, you're never gonna scare him," notes Derek Sanderson



An illustration of three 1974 Dodge Chargers parked in a row, viewed from the rear three-quarter angle. The top car is a silver Charger Coupe. The middle car is a gold Charger Hardtop. The bottom car is a blue Charger SE with distinctive multi-spoke wheels. The background is a solid dark blue.

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TKACZUK

CONTINUED

"Second of all, you're never gonna knock him down. So what's the sense hitting him? He hits more people when they're trying to hit him than when he starts it himself. Walter waits for you to take a run at him, and then he starts up quickly and hits first."

Tkaczuk's strength gets him the kind of goals that don't make purists purr. Rather than 50-foot slapshots or ballet-like feints and glides, his goals look like the consequences of street brawls. In the Boston-New York Stanley Cup series last season, Tkaczuk scored one goal by putting his left shoulder into Phil Esposito, muscling him aside, stepping around Wayne Cashman, and firing the puck over a sprawling Don Awrey.

In the decisive fifth game, Tkaczuk scored the backbreaking fourth goal by digging the puck out from behind the net, fighting off Sander-son and Dallas Smith, barreling his way in front, and pushing the puck into the net.

Against the Black Hawks in the semi-final Stanley Cup round—in which New York lost to underdog Chicago in five games—Tkaczuk scored a crucial, though ultimately futile, tying goal by simply crashing through two defensemen, and backhanding the puck into the net after being thrown off his feet.

Strength, however, means more than scoring goals. It means the ability to simply stand your position and hold off opponents, letting your teammates move down the ice—as Tkaczuk did to Bobby Orr in the fifth Cup game, letting Jim Neilson pick up the loose puck and feed Steve Vickers for a score.

"When there are two guys on Walter," says linemate and fellow penalty-killer Bill Fairbairn, "I don't worry about going out there to help out, because I know that Walter is just not about to give up the puck."

Tkaczuk sees his corner work as a function of his limitations instead of his abilities. "With, say, Espo, he's such a good goal scorer that he's more valuable staying out in the slot; they feed him. And with his scoring, why not have your wingers working for you? I'm not as good in front of the net, so I'll try and contribute for the whole line." (His contribution is tangible—both his wingers were 30-goal scorers last season, and each scored nine points in New York's ten Stanley Cup games.)

Walter Tkaczuk never seems to have had as high an opinion of himself as his talents deserved. Almost from the day he began playing junior hockey for the Kitchen-er Rangers, migrating from his adopted hometown of South Porcupine, Ontario (to which he migrated from his original hometown of Emsteden, Germany), hockey observers were predicting National Hockey League stardom for Tkaczuk. But even after scoring 93 points and being voted his league's Most Valuable Player in 1968, Tkaczuk doubted his future.

"I didn't think I was going to make a living at it," he recalled last spring after the Rangers were eliminated by Chicago in the semi-final round. "When I was a junior, I tried out two, three games at Omaha in the Central League, and jeez, I couldn't do a damn thing, not a damn thing. I kept thinking, 'I'm gonna be playing higher than this? No way.'"

Yet by the fall of 1968, Tkaczuk was sitting on the New York bench. By December of that year, with Emile Francis returning as New York coach, Tkaczuk had won a regular berth. From 1969 to 1971, he was the team's leading scorer. But it was not until the start of the 1971-72 season that Tkaczuk was given the chance to demonstrate his special gift: Penalty-killing.

"The power plays win games, and the penalty-killers save them for us," is a frequently spoken adage of Ranger general manager and former coach Francis. In an effort to save more games, Emile teamed Tkaczuk with Bill Fairbairn as the Rangers' prime penalty-killing unit.

"Francis told us he wanted young, strong guys who skated their shifts," Fairbairn remembers, "not guys coming out there cold." Tkaczuk's own memory of the event is typical. "I don't know what made him think of it," Walter said. "He must have sent us out by mistake, and we did well so he tried us again."

Whether inspiration or accident, the Tkaczuk-Fairbairn unit clicked. In 1971-72, they killed almost 85 percent of the opposition's power plays; last season, they killed off 34 power plays in a row and finished the year by snuffing 28 consecutive power plays. These are not simply numbers; championships are won and lost on a team's ability to score when they're a man up and hold off their opponents when they're a man down. In the 1972 New York-Boston finals, the Bruins scored game-winning goals in three of their four victories on power plays. In the 1973 playoffs, Boston went 1-for-16 on power plays and New York wiped them out; Chicago, on the other hand, went 4-for-15 and ruined the Rangers. Little wonder that Boston coach Bep Guidolin moaned, "The power play, the power play is the key, and Tkaczuk and Fairbairn killed it."

What makes the Tkaczuk-Fairbairn team so devastating is their unwillingness to let the opposition touch the puck, much less put it in the net. Their notion is embarrassingly simple; instead of clearing the puck down the ice, they simply "rag" it back and forth, moving slowly within their defensive zone, while the clock ticks away. At times, their pace becomes downright laconic, slowing the fastest game in the world to a snail's pace, draining the morale of their opponents, who often look like straight

TKACZUK

CONTINUED

men to one of Harpo Marx's antics. Up in Boston, Tkaczuk killed several seconds of a Boston power play by leisurely skating around and around the center-ice face-off circle looking like an ice-show hopeful; in New York, he helped keep the puck away from Boston for a minute and 52 seconds.

Walter's philosophy is elemental. "When you're killing penalties and you get the puck and there's nobody around you, why shoot it down the other end?" he asks. "Why give them the puck again? You're just giving them another chance to come down again and maybe score.

"So what we try to do is, if we get the puck, and there's no one around me, I look up to see where Fairbairn is. He always breaks to somewhere where there's nobody. We're not really interested in scoring goals; we just want to make sure *they* don't score. So we go back or frontwards. Let's say we're rushing up the ice; the defense backs up; we slow down. We just handle it as much as possible, because if you got the puck, they don't score."

Of course, the strategy doesn't always have a happy ending. Last season, Tkaczuk was involved in what may have been the most important goal of the Chicago-New York playoff. It came in the second game, after New York had won the first at Chicago. The Rangers had come back from a 3-0 first-period deficit to tie the score. Now New York was one man down, and Fairbairn and Tkaczuk were successfully stifling a penalty.

Fairbairn passed the puck over to Walter at the Chicago blue line, perhaps looking for a three-on-two break. Then, Tkaczuk remembers, "All of a sudden, [Bill] White took

it off me. They turned right around and had a three-on-one break. And they scored." He shakes his head. "I'll remember that one for a long time." The Black Hawks ultimately won the game, 5-4.

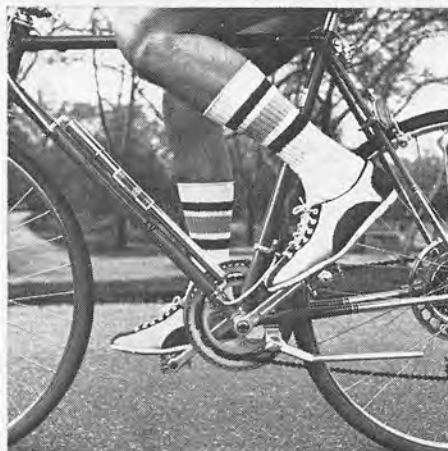
For Tkaczuk, those bad moments come infrequently enough and the good moments often enough to have won him (thanks in large measure to the competition

of the World Hockey Association), a raise of approximately 1000 percent over his 1971-72 wages. Yet apart from a Lincoln Continental, he allows himself few overt signs of affluence. During the season, he lives with his stunning wife Valerie and their year-old daughter Sarah in a \$27,000 home in Long Beach; the off-season is spent by Walter mainly relaxing and reflecting on his good fortune.

"Right now, it's tough," he says. "I don't feel like going to play hockey every game. I go to bed before every game for two, three hours, and when I get up, I say,



Tkaczuk's strength is his strength. He muscles defenders up against the boards and brawls his way to the net to score.



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TK-A-CZUK

CONTINUED

'Ooh, I don't wanna go play to-night.' But in later years, by your getting up those times, you get to stay in bed. It's gonna pay off along the line. But during the season, I'll say hundreds of times, 'Why the hell did I ever become a hockey player?'"

Part of the answer is that hockey was Walter Tkaczuk's ticket out of a life in the mines, where his father still works. "He never made more than \$8000, \$9000 in a year," Tkaczuk notes.

But a more basic answer to the question that Walter Tkaczuk asks on those late afternoons in winter lies in the mystique of a grail that has been denied the New York Rangers for generations: The Stanley Cup.

In a sense, Tkaczuk and the Rangers have traveled a common

path these last five years. As Tkaczuk has become a strong, effective hockey player, the Rangers have shed their role as NHL doormat, and become a consistent contender for supremacy, along with Boston, Montreal and Chicago. The Rangers are the only team to have made the playoffs each of the last five years.

And yet, just as Tkaczuk has yet to tap his full potential and achieve recognition as a stellar player, so the Rangers have still not achieved the conquest of the Stanley Cup. Only one member of the present team (Giacomin) was alive when New York last won the Cup in 1940; and each year the frustration grows stronger, particularly when 1973 was so clearly marked as New York's year.

Tkaczuk talked during the off-

season about his hopes and the sense of incredulity that the Rangers felt when Chicago eliminated New York in five games. "I really felt we had the club that could do it," he said. "Even after we lost, I felt we had such a good club that I just couldn't believe we did lose. Why? I would say there's got to be something missing somewhere. I can't see anything that we're missing, but. . ."

Tkaczuk's thoughts turned to next year. "Before I leave hockey," he said, "the one goal I have is to say I was part of the Stanley Cup. There's not too many people with their names on there. I want to be able to sit back when I'm older and say, 'They're playing for that Stanley Cup, and my name's on it.'"

My own suspicion is that within two years, the New York Rangers will be skating around an arena holding the Stanley Cup aloft; and that Walter Tkaczuk himself will be the key to slaying the demons that have plagued the Rangers for so many years. ■

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PETE GENE THE DALLAS COWBOYS GROW OLD BUT NOT UP



There have been a lot of changes in Dallas since the hot August day in 1964 when I first arrived there. The city has grown at a phenomenal rate, and the day-to-day increase in land prices makes the cost of food seem static. High-rise office buildings shoot up all over town and to the north, near the sleepy little town of Grapevine, the biggest airport in the world is nearing completion. But all of this change pales when compared to the convulsions that have recently gripped the Dallas Cowboys—players and staff. The number of players, coaches and various staff people that have left the organization in the past two years must number around 20. Yet Tom Landry sometimes insists, “The Cowboys are basically the same team that won the Super Bowl two years ago.” Sometimes Landry insists the opposite, which is a coach’s prerogative.

Many things have changed in the four years since I left the Cowboys, by request: Don Meredith is

now sporting a mustache and a bow tie. (The tie is a groove, Dandaroo, but the mustache is really wimpy.) Craig Morton is still losing his hair, but is running a popular nightclub on the side. Dave Edwards, the veteran outside linebacker, now takes high-speed runs through the Texas countryside in his Porsche listening to country music and calming nerves frayed from 12 years of professional football. Lee Roy Jordan is threatening to quit football to become a real-estate tycoon. George Andrie has retired, succumbing to a nagging back and recurring rumors that he wasn’t to be invited back, anyway. Dan Reeves, player-coach, jack-of-all-trades and resident good old boy, has moved into business after a disagreement with Landry as to his coaching responsibilities. Lance Alworth, Billy Parks, Herb Adderly, Tody Smith, Ron Sellers and Chuck Howley are gone. Even the equipment manager has hit the road. And Bob Lilly is growing old.

There are other changes. I visit-

ed the Cowboys’ practice field in early July. I had that familiar adrenaline rush as I stepped from the locker room onto the field and felt the Texas heat boiling up off the grass. The smell of the heated grass filled my nose and I remembered the good times on that field. It was the same, but it had changed. Now the fences were covered with hand-lettered signs that contained instructions breaking the organic whole of football into a collection of rather dull physical functions. All the signs were unobtrusively initialed “T.L.” In the far end zone a tower used for filming *every* practice loomed over the field with an Orwellian menace. I speculated on the length of my career had they filmed *everything* I did while I was on that field. A collection of weight machines filled the opposite end of the field, looking like surplus instruments of the Inquisition. It all seemed rather difficult and dull.

Storm clouds were building over the rolling hills to the north as I climbed back into my car and drove

GROW OLD... BUT NOT UP

CONTINUED

away from the practice field. I had no desire, no slight tug at my heart, to give football another try. I knew then that it was all different, and I had grown old.

My former teammates have grown old, too, but they have not grown up, which may put them even with me, on both counts. They are, many of them, going to submerge their unhappiness, and forget about their real-estate dreams for a while, and play football this fall. Some will be trying to regain skills that may be lost or forgotten, and some will be listening to speeches and strategies they have heard and forced themselves to believe dozens of times. For four or five months, anyway, despite inclinations to the contrary, they will be putting their hands in the hands of the man named Tom Landry.

On a Friday in July, I sat in the outer reception room of the Dallas Cowboys' offices. It was a little before noon and there was much activity; the coaches and staff would be leaving for training camp the following Monday.

I was waiting to be granted an interview with Tom Landry. I hadn't spoken to Tom since March of 1969 when he placed me on waivers which led to a trade to the New York Giants, an experience that was much like falling down the rabbit hole, but that's another story.

On this July day, the Cowboys seemed to be in an extreme state of turmoil with around 13 people, coaches and players, gone from the 1972 squad and several key players including Dave Manders, Craig Morton, Lee Roy Jordan, Jethro Pugh, Mel Renfro, Charlie Waters, Pat Toomay and Bob Lilly either

unsigned or unhappy.

An adversary interview with Tom Landry is not an easy thing. He is a pleasant, if distant, man to talk to and he constantly strives toward fairness. He is a master of football technology, having been an



All-Pro defensive back with the New York Giants and later the innovator of the 4-3 defense. Upon arrival in Dallas as head coach in 1960, he began developing an offensive and defensive theory that has helped keep the Cowboys close to the top since 1966. In dialogue with Tom, there is a constant air of competition and manipulation. He is a man who openly thrives on challenges. He seldom gives a gut reaction, but rather tries to break down and analyze all aspects of every situation. This tendency often leads to ambiguous or contradictory statements. He is a master of overstating the obvious and has the Cowboy practice field covered with signs like: THE KNEE IS ONLY AS STRONG AS THE MUSCLES AND LIGAMENTS HOLDING IT TOGETHER. And yet he is audacious or naive enough to say that he is "not one for slogans."

A complaint leveled at Landry by several of his players is that he is so distant from them, yet so all-powerful, that his opinions about the team or about players, right or wrong, sooner or later become transformed into fact. A disenchanted veteran told me, "He's got everybody believing that we didn't want to win the Super Bowl last year, and that it was up to him to figure out a way to make us want to win. That's ridiculous. He hurt us more in the last game than anybody."

It seems like hairsplitting to criticize a man who has consistently produced winning teams. Maybe his record puts him above criticism. I still find it difficult to define my own feelings about Landry. In five years on his football team, I hated him sometimes, I laughed at him sometimes, I argued with him sometimes, I respected him sometimes. But I never got to know him. And he never got to know me.

I never got to chat with him as I did this summer. I am not positive what either of us was saying, or trying to say. Maybe the idea is to say nothing, but I do know the

Chuck Howley (54) is no longer a Cowboy, thanks, perhaps, to a push by T.L.


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*One minute minimum calls available only at the times shown, and additional minutes are 20¢ each, coast to coast.

GROW OLD... BUT NOT UP

CONTINUED

transcript of our session is relatively accurate. And if pressed, I am willing to let H. R. Haldeman hear the tapes and give his version to both Senator Ervin and Archibald Cox.

Gent: *The last time I saw you was five years ago when you placed me on waivers. I want to know if you've changed your mind?*

Landry: Ha, ha—do you think you can make a comeback?

Gent: *I don't think so. . . . Many people are sure that the Cowboy dynasty is gone because you didn't win the Super Bowl. Do you see any problem this year with 13 guys gone and several guys unsigned?*

Landry: Well, we have to reshape

our football team. Any time you lose that much experience, a lot of key people that have been very important to you in the championship years, somebody has to replace them. You can speculate all you want about the young people replacing them, but it's proven on the field, you know, in tough competition, that's where you prove yourself. Until we see these young guys performing in those situations, we don't know exactly where we are and nobody can speculate. It's understandable why people would say, "Yeah, the Cowboys' dynasty is not going to continue"—because obviously if you've got a dynasty you're gonna win every year and

we didn't win last year so we'll have to say the dynasty is not there, and I never believed much in dynasties anyway. I think the idea is to stay up close to the top with your organization and hope every once in a while you pop it. . . . We just hope we can stay up again as a strong club, but I think it will be sometime this year before we'll know how good we can be. I don't think we can find out in preseason, the first day of preseason, because we've got too many things we have to reshape.

Gent: *Like your passing game?*

Landry: Our passing game, our outside receivers—the potential looks awful good offensively just from what we can see, but still you have to gel. Defensively, we've got to regain what we had in the two Super Bowl drives. We didn't have it last year. We didn't have the intensity, we didn't have the good pass defense last year that we displayed in those two drives.

Gent: *Is that one reason behind this personnel turnover?*

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Landry: In our game you've got one goal, the Super Bowl. I mean, that's all you've got in our business today—you win the Super Bowl, now can you get back in again? I think it depends a lot on the age of your club, of your people. I think Miami has a little better chance of coming back this year with a repeat because their team overall is a younger club. The younger you are, it seems, the more incentive you have to accomplish more in football. The older you get, when you accomplish a goal, the more you look outside of football for what's gonna happen in a year or two. This had a big effect on us last year, in my opinion . . . that and injuries. I think mental attitude has a lot to do with injuries. I think if your mental attitude is not right, you tend to have more injuries.

Gent: *Are you doing a lot of your own work outside of football? You've been head coaching for 13 years. Do you have any other plans?*

Landry: No, not really. I mean, I do a lot of work in the religious area, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and all this type of thing. That's my main activity other than football, but it doesn't distract me. I'm a football coach and I'll be a football coach, you know, as long as I'm available to coach or as long as somebody will let me coach, I guess. That's my business and I can still have incentive, but I think your whole organization suffers a little bit from accomplishment. There's a tremendous price to pay to be successful in our enterprise . . . in this country . . . in anything you do. You have to pay a tremendous price of dedication, discipline and all the things that go into a championship team, and once you've made it, you like to rest a little bit, it's human nature. . . . Well, you lose the winning edge we've been talking about and the winning edge is what makes you a Super Bowl Champion. And it's so minute, so small, the difference in winning and finishing also-ran. It's so small most people can't even see it, you know. Even players won't recognize it. You couldn't convince



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GROW OLD... BUT NOT UP

CONTINUED

our players from last year that they didn't want to win, that they weren't trying to win, you know, because mentally they thought they were trying, but they weren't.

Gent: *Do you find any contradiction in being required to manipulate people's lives in order to win football games as opposed to the Christian virtues of charity and Christian community?*

Landry: Well, Pete, I don't really. It's very difficult at times to make the decisions personally that you have to make that affect people's lives for the benefit of the team. Football is one of the sports that requires great amounts of team work, which means sacrifice of the individual for the benefit of the team. This is a tremendous thing, you know, that football contributes to your way of life. Therefore, we have to think and I have to think strictly what's best for the team. I must deal with individuals and I must be conscious of individuals much more now than in the '50s, or even the early '60s, because people are different now . . . their makeup is different, they require a different type of handling than ever before. But still, if we're gonna be successful in our game—and it's a game, football is a game—it requires a certain amount of discipline to achieve what you want to achieve, and it's a team sport so every decision you make has to be made upon that basis even at the sacrifice of individuals . . . and that's bad. That hurts you. . . . But still, you know, this is just part of a man's life, this football. It's a great opportunity for a man, I think, in the beginning, but then he must eventually make his move into business, whether I make the decision for him that he can't play

anymore or whether he makes it because he reaches a certain age where a lot of guys decide that they want to move into business instead of staying in football. In both cases, it's a very difficult thing.

Gent: *Well, it's a change of life.*

Landry: Yes, it's a change of life for them. It is a difficult problem. I don't know if we'll ever get around it or not, but life is more than football.

Gent: *Well, the question I was asking was more, how does it affect you? A player gets sacrificed once and then he makes it on his own*

Bob Lilly is growing old, thanks, perhaps, to flying back and forth to training camp.



or he doesn't. But you're required to do it 40 times a year.

Landry: The thing that concerns me most, Pete, is that I'm handling everyone in fairness. We have a certain thing that we have to do in football to be successful in it, and if I'm not willing to do it, then I don't belong in the game. I must make those decisions with players every year. I made several this year with players who didn't want to pay the price that I think it takes to be a championship and a Super Bowl contender. Therefore, you affect their lives because they don't measure up to what you think you have to do. So the point is if I deal with them in fairness. I feel bad if I can't deal in fairness with people, and I try always to deal in fairness with them—to let them know what is expected of them and if they don't measure up the consequences that are gonna happen. If I can do that with them, then I'm not affected as much by it.

Gent: *From a player's viewpoint, you seem very cold personally. Now is that what you do to keep this honesty, this fairness. . . .*

Landry: Well, I think there has to be a separation between my position and the rest of the team. By nature, I would love to be different. I enjoy people, I think so much of the players, you know, and I'd love to be on a much closer relationship with them 'cause that's my nature. I enjoyed coaching New York probably much more than I enjoy coaching now. When I didn't have the responsibility of head coach, of who comes and who goes, and I dealt with that defensive team, that relationship has lasted for 20 years.

Gent: *Do you feel that you're being cheated a little now with the responsibility of this job?*

Landry: Yes, I'd like to be out on the field with these guys just helping them to develop and have a close personal relationship with them, but I can't do that as a head coach. My responsibility is to do what's right for the team and when you do that, you're gonna hurt individuals. That's the requirement of be-

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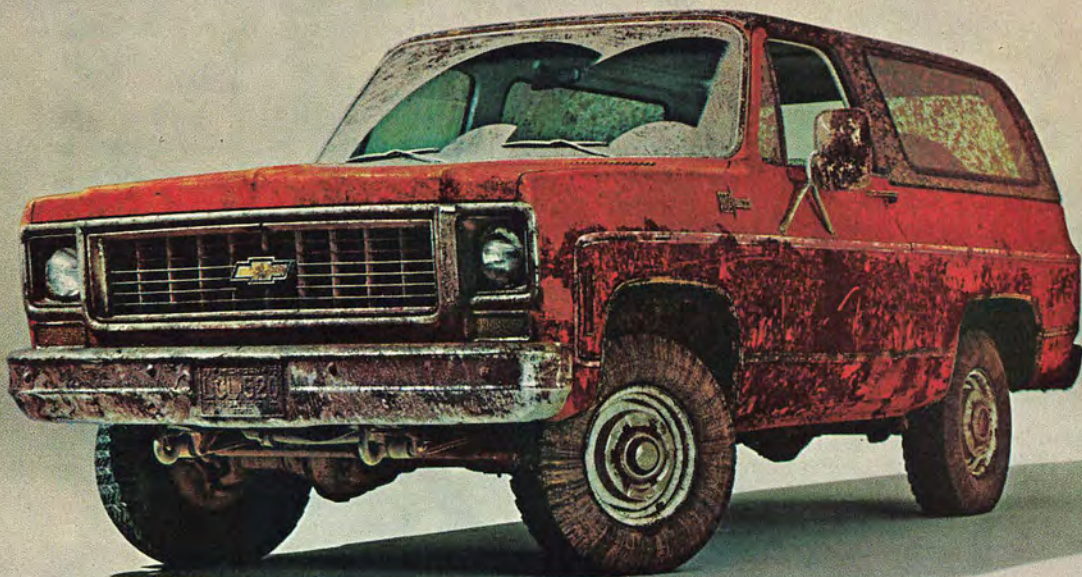
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ing a head coach. It's the requirement of anybody with responsibility, if you run this corporation, if you run this country. If you've got enough responsibility, you'll take a cold aspect every time.

Gent: *Do you think there's a large amount of drug usage on this team?*

Landry: Not to my knowledge, Pete. I can't speak, you know, for the people. I don't see evidence of it in performances, and most times you can tell.

Gent: *Well, would you say a percentage of your players use amphetamines given to them by the team?*

Landry: No. No, I wouldn't say that.

Gent: *You think it's changed in the last few years? I mean, do you think they did in the past?*

Landry: I can't, you know I may be naive . . . I never used it myself as a player. I've never been really conscious of players using it or seeing players using it in all the years I've played and been a part of the game. But it would be foolish for me to say no one did, you know, I mean, that's ridiculous. I just don't see the evidence of it. And you say when did they change, and obviously you have some basis for the statement. I don't know when they stopped doing it or if they did it. I mean, I just wasn't aware of the fact. This is something you would have experienced as a player that I didn't see.

Gent: *Getting back to what we were discussing earlier: Do you feel that you've been cheated because of the necessity of keeping these people at a distance, that you've been cheated of that personal relationship?*

Landry: Oh yes, you feel it because there are so many top guys

that you'd love to have a closer feeling with. But it's a difficult thing to achieve what you have to achieve in a responsible position, and still have the same type of feeling with an individual. Football players are exceptional people in that they have the opportunity to overcome defeat and many people cannot overcome defeat—when they are defeated, they tend to have to turn to things to support them, alcohol, drugs. They've never learned to overcome defeat. . . .

At this point, the tape ran out.

The week following the interview, the Dallas Cowboys opened one of the most tumultuous training camps in their history. Quarterback Craig Morton stalked out of camp distressed over his contract and the way he was being treated. Bob Lilly left Dallas for the California training site but did an about-face at the Los Angeles International Airport. He was upset by "the confused and demoralized mess in training camp" and vowed not to return until it was straightened out. GM Tex Schramm immediately flew to Dallas and convinced Lilly that everything was fine. Dave Manders, the veteran center, announced his retirement when he and the club could not close a \$2500 gap in his contract negotiations. Morton spent the week in a nearby Howard Johnson Motel but finally returned to camp. At this writing, all the unsigned or unhappy players, with the notable exception of middle linebacker Lee Roy Jordan and Manders, had come to terms with themselves and the Cowboys. It is doubtful that they got much more money or respect, but then, some money is better than none, and the life of a maligned

professional football player is still more interesting than selling used cars or real estate.

If the current unrest on the Cowboys can be traced to any single cause, it would be age. Key players are growing old and management's inability to lend a little dignity to the process has added intensity to the players' normal rebellion against the flow of time. Chuck Howley's exit from the Cowboys left several players feeling that Chuck was pushed out by Landry's insistence that older players look outside of football for their goals. I don't know if the Cowboys are going to go to the Super Bowl this year, but I think it is safe to say that they're not going to be very happy.

"I asked Landry one time . . . I was at this party and it was late and I was drunk . . . but I asked him, I said: 'Tom how do you reconcile the basic Christian virtue of humility with the pride and arrogance necessary to coach a professional football team?' You know what he said? He told me it was no problem for him. What the hell kind of answer is that? 'It's no problem for me.' Well, it may not be a problem for him, but it sure confuses a lot of other people."

—Gary Cartwright,
Texas sportswriter

"Billy Parks has the best hands I've ever seen. But he's a strange fellow. One game he was supposed to start . . . you may have seen it on television when Melvin Laird was here and they had a ceremony before the game and swore a bunch of people into the Navy. I think they called it the Dallas Cowboys Brigade. Well, Parks was supposed to start that game and Ray Renfro found him sitting on the bench crying and saying that the ceremony was wrong and we shouldn't be doing it. And he was supposed to start that game! You can't have a guy like that around, you know what I mean?"

—Assistant coach Ermal Allen, explaining the trade of Billy Parks. ■

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Some people have suggested that the tight end, a fairly recent innovation, is actually a throwback—the last of the complete football players. It's an interesting theory, but it doesn't quite hold up. The tight end isn't really a complete football player. After all, when you come right down to it, he doesn't have to kick or pass.

All the tight end has to do is everything else.

The ideal tight end is big enough to block a 270-pound defensive end, agile enough to block a 230-pound linebacker and quick enough to block a 190-pound defensive halfback. He is sturdy enough to catch a pass over the middle, in the heart of combat, and swift enough to sprint downfield on a fly pattern. He must have great hands, immense courage, uncommon running ability—and enough intelligence to keep straight his wide variety of roles.

They don't call his side of the

line "the strong side" for nothing. (His strength, incidentally is more than physical. A decade ago, his main job was to knock down people, but now, to maintain a balanced offense, he must be equally equipped to pull down passes.)

The current crop of tight ends runs up to six-foot-ten in height, up to 255 pounds in weight and down to 4.5 seconds for 40 yards in speed. It is a vintage crop—dominated by Ted Kwalick of San Francisco, Charlie Sanders of Detroit, Jim Mitchell of Atlanta, Raymond Chester of Baltimore, Bob Tucker of the Giants and half a dozen others, plus two classic and durable veterans of the species, Milt Morin of Cleveland and Jackie Smith of St. Louis.

All of these gifted men can trace their ancestry directly back not to the apes, but to a fellow who was called "The Big Oaf," usually with affection and always with caution. To his face, he was called Ron

Kramer, and he played for the Green Bay Packers in the late 1950s and early 1960s.

Ron—who was then by far the better known of the two Green Bay Kramers—was one of the usable bodies Vince Lombardi inherited when he arrived in Wisconsin in 1959. Kramer was a former Michigan All-American who sulked through a couple of poor seasons and was on the verge of being discarded by the Packers. But Lombardi couldn't quite bring himself to give up on a man who stood six-foot-three, weighed 250 pounds and had the mobility of an outstanding basketball player (which he was).

Lombardi had the quaint notion that a pro team should be able to run the ball down the opposition's throat—and Ron Kramer's size fit perfectly into this notion.

Passing had been the dominant offensive weapon among the pros ever since 1950, when the Los Angeles Rams split ends Elroy Hirsch



BY MURRAY
OLDERMAN

THE TIGHT END: The Height Of Versatility

For men such as (left to right) Ted Kwalick of San Francisco, Bob Tucker of the Giants and Charlie Sanders of Detroit, the fun part of playing tight end is catching passes. But once you catch the ball, as Tucker is finding out, the life can be a bit hazardous. The tight end encounters other problems, too, such as trying to block defensive ends who weigh 270 pounds and more.

and Tom Fears away from the rest of the line, supplemented them with such flankers as Glenn Davis and Vitamin T. Smith, and gained an average of 309 yards passing per game.

But with Tom Landry's development of the 4-3-4 defense (four linemen, three linebackers, four defensive backs) in the mid-1950s, and its refinement ever since, the passing attack lost some of its sting.

Lombardi's reaction—he and Landry had worked together as assistants on the Giants—was a crushing ground game as the staple of his attack. He believed the end sweep, with both guards pulling, set up everything else. Other teams had already begun to bring in one of their offensive ends to help out with the blocking. He was called the tight end because he was "tight" to the tackle.

Many of the newly-converted tight ends didn't exactly thrive as blockers in that violent territory

where the two opposing lines meet, the area labeled "The Pit." Most of them didn't weigh more than 200 pounds. They had been primarily pass receivers. To protect these men and preserve them, coaches let them work in tandem with the offensive tackle and "double team" the defensive end or the strongside linebacker.

The emergence of Ron Kramer as an All-Pro in 1961, when the Packers started their championship reign, changed all that. Ron could wipe out a man all by himself. He didn't need the help of a tackle or anyone else. "Ron is so big and so strong and so vicious a blocker," said Lombardi, "it's almost like owning a permit to put 12 men on the field." Lombardi found himself with an extra blocker. In the Packers' famed 49-sweep, with Paul Hornung carrying the ball and fullback Jimmy Taylor leading the way, Kramer alone would hook the linebacker.

"He made the Green Bay sweep go," remembers Dave Wilcox, the All-Pro linebacker of the San Francisco 49ers. "Kramer really embarrassed me once. It was a goal-line situation, around the two-yard line. He took me right out of the end zone. On my back. I made a mistake. I stood up—to see what was going on. You couldn't see over him or around him."

With his size, Kramer also averaged 35 pass receptions a season until he played out his option and went to the Detroit Lions in 1965.

The first man drafted specifically to play tight end in the NFL was Monte Stickles, a first-round choice plucked from Notre Dame by San Francisco in 1960. Stickles was built along Kramer's lines, six-foot-three and 240 pounds, with a huge jaw and a reputation for meanness which he did nothing to dispel.

"When I came to the 49ers," recalls Stickles, now a sportscaster in the San Francisco area, "they

THE TIGHT END

CONTINUED

were playing a slot offense, with R.C. Owens and Hugh McElhenny dividing the time. When I joined the club, they did away with the slot (a man who plays between the wide receiver and the tackle) entirely. They put Mac in the backfield and R.C. outside as the flanker. And I was the tight end.

"I played against linebackers like Harland Svare and Cliff Livingston

of the Giants—six-two and 215. I outweighed them more than 20 pounds, and it was quite an advantage. They were standing up and I would attack them and the first thing you know they were three or four yards off the line, which made for a good situation on a sweep."

Monte bruised people, for all his eight seasons with the 49ers. He didn't care how he did it, clean or otherwise, because he soon perceived the special nature of the relationship between the tight end and the strong linebacker who lined up on his nose before each play.

"You got to give him," suggests Stickles, "a finger in the eye, a kick in the groin or step on his hands." The latter, milder maneuver Stickles reserved for linebackers he liked.

Of course, the linebacker gets to

use his hands legally and this can lead to violent confrontation. Last season, in an exhibition game, Ted Kwalick tangled with Phil Villapiano of the Oakland Raiders. Ted accused Villapiano of grabbing him and roughing him up on every play. He particularly resented being "clothes-lined" by the Raider linebacker. The "clothes-line" is a stiff arm thrust suddenly in the way of an unsuspecting receiver, impaling him at throat level, cutting off his path and sometimes his breathing.

"Villapiano," complains Kwalick, "is the only guy in pro ball who ever tried to clothes-line me."

Ted doesn't get any sympathy from Stickles.

"Only one clothes-line?" muses the old 49er. "The kid's had it easy. No wonder he's All-Pro.

"The hardest thing for me was to learn to cope. Steve Stonebreaker when he was with the Colts was one of the greatest linebackers at holding, tripping, knocking people down. He didn't have anything to worry about, with Gino Marchetti playing defensive end inside him. I don't think there were too many guys better at hitting from behind than Bill Pellington (also with the Colts). He'd let you get by, then slug you on the back of the head. He'd raise his arms and swing them like they were a baseball bat."

And how did Stickles cope?

"There are a great number of ploys with your hands. You come off the line with your arms straight and your fists clenched. Hit the linebacker's hands underneath his forearms to ward them off, then pop them over your shoulder pads so he can't grab the pads. If he's down below you and grabs your shirt, you just come down with your elbow bent in a smashing motion, like you had a hammer in your hands, and smash his forearm to push it down.

"If he's a little stronger and you can't get his hands off you, you can always jam his face with your



Ron Kramer became the prototype for the position at Green Bay under Vince Lombardi. He could run, block and catch.

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THE TIGHT END

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hands at the bottom of his face-bar and drive the bar back up into his face. That's pretty effective, especially if you pop his helmet off once or twice and cut his lips with the face bar.

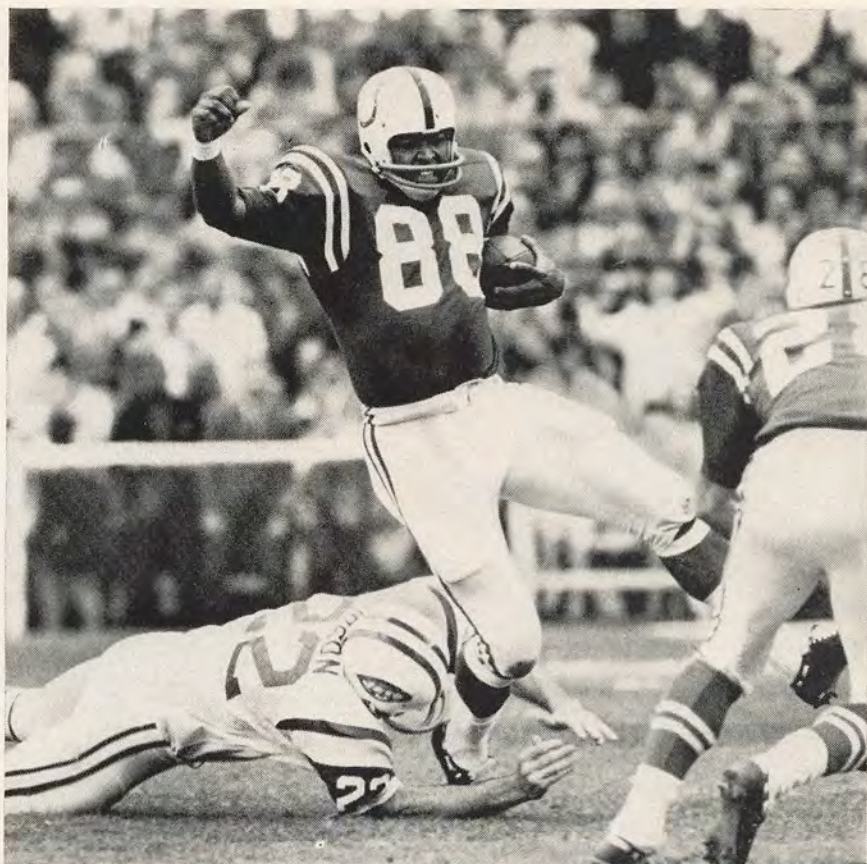
"Guys were getting used to my initial contact blows, so they'd let me go by and grab or push from behind. So the next move was to reach back and hit him across the face with your forearm as he tried to molest you. That's one they didn't expect very much."

As a last resort, Stickles occasionally turned downright nasty.

"My infamy," he confesses, "came from hitting after the play. What they call cheap shots or aggravating somebody. But I never did it to the same guy more than once in a game."

A year after Stickles joined the 49ers, the Chicago Bears made Mike Ditka of Pittsburgh their first draft choice, and Ditka added an important dimension to tight end. Although Stickles caught 43 passes his second season as a pro, he complained that his chief role in the passing game was "All-Pro decoy." Monte would sprint straight down the field to clear out the secondary for the wide receivers coming across on a deep "up and in" pattern. "They se'dom threw to me," Stickles says.

But Ditka was no decoy. He was a target. In his rookie season, while Kramer was mostly steamrolling tacklers as a consort for Taylor and Hornung, Ditka caught 56 passes for 1076 yards and 12 touchdowns. It was a phenomenal debut, and every season Mike raised his pass reception total until he reached 75 in 1964 (still the record for tight ends). The tight end as an impor-



tant pass target was established.

In 1963, John Mackey joined the Baltimore Colts. He was the same size as Ditka, six-three and 225 pounds, was even faster and had brilliant running ability after he caught the ball. He had been a college halfback at Syracuse. By the end of the '60s, Mackey was voted by a Pro Football Hall of Fame panel the finest tight end in the first half-century of the NFL. (Never mind that the tight end was a late addition to the pro arsenal; it was still an honor.)

With Mackey and Ditka as models, the ideal tight end evolved into a combination of size and speed. A proteinaceous society has managed to turn such types out in quantity. Jackie Smith from little Northwestern State College in Louisiana joined the St. Louis Cardinals the same season Mackey came to the Colts. Now in his 11th pro season, Smith needs only 26 receptions this fall to pass Bobby Joe Conrad as the all-time Cardinal leader.

After Smith came Milt Morin, a

John Mackey, voted the best tight end in the history of the game, was a victim of Joe Thomas' Colt shuffle and retired at 30.

250-pound giant with the Cleveland Browns, and Tom Mitchell, who by 1971 had supplanted Mackey as the regular tight end in Baltimore. The Atlanta Falcons have built their offense around Jim Mitchell, a 245-pound tight end who is so mobile that coach Norm Van Brocklin has designed some plays in which he's used as a wide receiver. Other tight ends who have played prominent parts in the last few years have been Raymond Chester, just traded from the Oakland Raiders to Baltimore for Bubba Smith; Bob Trumpy of the Cincinnati Bengals, who can play inside or outside; and Bob Tucker of the New York Giants, who led the National Football Conference in pass receiving in 1971 and placed second in 1972. Jim Mitchell and Chester are probably the most versatile of the breed, the two who best combine receiving and blocking skills.

The current superstars, though,



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THE TIGHT END

CONTINUED

are Charlie Sanders and Ted Kwalick because of one special quality: They're game breakers. The Lions call their man Charlie Deep because of his ability to run the long patterns. It's a significant talent because of the recent proliferation of zone defenses.

When Landry first pioneered the 4-3-4 alignment, now used as the basic defense by all 26 teams of the NFL, the pass coverage was essentially man-to-man. The cornerbacks picked up the wide receivers. The strong safety covered the tight end. The free safety took a man coming out of the backfield or helped the cornerback next to him.

But the tremendous development of wide receivers forced a change in defensive concepts. With Olympic class sprinters such as Bob Hayes coming into the game, it was impossible for any cornerback alone to cover the swift wide receivers consistently. A breakdown meant a touchdown. The solution was zone defense. The zone is not new. Colleges have used it for years. The Cleveland Browns and the Baltimore Colts have always been basically zone teams.

However, the zone as it is used today is a very sophisticated device. Bobby Boyd, who has coached the Baltimore zone, remembers that when he came to the pros in 1960, they used only two variations of the zone defense—the strong side roll to protect against a dangerous receiver on the strong side, and the weak side roll to provide extra coverage against someone like Hayes, who always lined up on the weak side.

Now a team will use variations of those two, such as a safety-X,

zone and man-to-man in combination, plus double zones on both sides of the field, and the problem for an offensive quarterback is that he can't anticipate them because the better defensive teams can mask their coverage right up until the snap of the ball.

The effect has been twofold. One, it practically shut off the wide receivers as long-bomb threats. They have to wade through both short zones and long zones, with a safety standing by for extra protection. Two, it brought back the running game as the primary element of offense. Ten backs in the NFL gained 1,000 or more yards on the ground during the 1972 season; never before in NFL history had more than six men broken that barrier in one season.

What effect has this had on the tight end?

With the renewed emphasis on running, his function as a blocker has been underscored.

"You not only have to block a defensive end," says Ted Kwalick of the 49ers, "you have to block him many different ways. If it's a sweep and you're pulling both guards, you have to block him and stop his penetration so he doesn't come through and knock off the off-guard. If only the on-guard is pulling, then you're concerned with the end pursuing to the outside. If an end is a crasher, you might have to seal him off to the inside and then hit him again as soon as he reacts."

Kwalick at other times is also required to use different angles in blocking the strong safety and the strong side linebacker. He actually enjoys this part of the game. "I feel like a little kid at Christmas time," he insists, "when I get a good block."

The tight end has simultaneously become the key receiver to many quarterbacks. "Any time you get up against a zone," says Dick Nolan, the 49er coach, "you'll go to your tight end. Let him open them up. Your tight end is no longer just a short receiver. He's your deep receiver and has the speed to get

out there."

The soft spot in a double zone is deep down the middle of the field because the cornerbacks and safeties, operating in tandem, are occupied with the wide receivers. The Colts, for instance, in their "double rip" zone, rely on Mike Curtis, their middle linebacker, to drop deep. And he's alone with a tight end who may be just as fast or faster and just as big. Last year, when Joe Namath ripped the Colt zone with 496 yards on 15 completions, two key bombs—one covering 79 yards, the other 80, both in the final quarter—went to Rich Caster, the Jets' tight end.

A tight end is a threat in every direction. Ted Kwalick can run at least a dozen different routes off his "passing tree": Look-in; down-and-in, which means cutting to the middle after 12 yards; a turn, 12 yards and turning in; a hook, 12 yards and turning out; a post pattern; a corner pattern; a drag, a delayed eight-yard out; a fan, down ten yards and an angle to the sidelines at 17 yards; a flat, which is a four-yard out; flat and up, breaking downfield; drag and up; and a streak, or fly pattern.

"I'm learning new things every year about running patterns," Kwalick says. "You don't need a lot of unnecessary moves. A strong safety or defensive halfback will just sit back there and watch you make all those moves and then blanket you. So I cut most of them out. I just run my pattern and concentrate on catching the ball. Concentration is a very important part of catching the football, especially at the tight end spot, where there's a lot of traffic."

The traffic is an occupational hazard.

"You try to bump him out of his pass pattern," says linebacker Dave Wilcox, who sees the tight end as his natural enemy. "You shove him or push him to make him lose his balance. It's kind of like NBA basketball."

Wilcox is right. The greatest tight end of all time could have been Wilt Chamberlain. ■





SPORT SPECIAL

The late Al Hirshberg — the Boswell of Boston ballplayers — studied Dick Williams in the 1967 World Series; in 1972, Hirshberg went to see the new Williams.

DICK WILLIAMS' SECOND WORLD SERIES: THIS TIME, THE HEROES WORE MUSTACHES

BY AL HIRSHBERG

When Dick Williams made his first appearance as a World Series manager, with the Boston Red Sox in 1967, he was a 38-year-old firebrand—tough, confident, profane, egotistical and uncompromising. When he returned for his second World Series, with the Oakland A's in 1972, Williams had changed. He was no longer uncompromising.

If the inner Williams had changed little, the outer Williams had changed drastically in half a decade. In 1967, he was clean-shaven. In 1972, he wore a luxuriant mustache, dun-colored, with a fleck of gray, turned down a trifle at the ends. In 1967, his hair was brown and short, his scalp peeking through the brushcut. In 1972, Williams' hair was long, soft and graying, coifed as delicately as any beauty queen's.

Williams had changed in five years—and so had his World Series luck.

It was the morning of the first game of the 1972 World Series, and Dick Williams sat in his office off

the visitors' locker room at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium. Even his ample mustache couldn't hide the smile on his face. He was feeling good. He and his Oakland A's weren't exactly preseason favorites to get to the World Series.

But even if Williams was cheerful, there was still one subject which could trigger a trace of bitterness: Williams' Boston years, which began so brightly in 1967—despite a World Series defeat—and which ended so dismally in 1969, when he was suddenly fired near the end of the season. I asked him to tell me why he had been fired, and Williams dismissed the question as casually as Tom Yawkey, the Boston owner, had dismissed him. "That was another ballclub, another Dick Williams," he said. "Let's talk about this one."

He lit a cigarette. Williams was well on the way to the three-pack-a-day average he maintained throughout the Series.

"I've got a good ballclub," Williams said. "Not great, but good—damn good. I don't know if we'll

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He crushed out the butt after only a few drags, and I asked him what he had done to remake Mike Epstein into a solid hitter. The reaction was so sharp I almost thought I'd brought up the Red Sox again.

"Nothing," he snapped. He glared for a second, his eyes hard, his mustache latched to his lower lip as if expecting a challenge. Who knows what he was thinking? This is Dick Williams. He seethes silently, often without apparent reason. But most of the storms are only tiny clouds which quickly pass; this one did.

His face softened and he lit another cigarette. Then, leaning back in his chair, he said, "That's right. Nothing. I just gave him a bat, told him he was my first baseman, and he did the rest himself."

Epstein is a massive man, six-foot-four and 225 pounds. After a great 1969 season under Ted Williams at Washington, Epstein went downhill. When Ted gave up on him and traded him to Oakland in 1971, Dick let him pick himself up. Epstein responded with 26 homers, 70 RBIs and a .270 batting average.

The phone rang and, after answering it, Williams said, "Gotta run. See you on the field." He quickly killed his cigarette, lit another, stood up, looked at me and said, "How does it feel being with a half-wit? That's what one of your Boston writers called me during the playoffs."

The insult still stung.

There is nothing quite like the mob scene around home plate and the dugouts before a World Series game. When Dick Williams emerged from the runway between the visiting locker room and the bench at Riverfront Stadium, he walked toward a horde of newsmen, announcers, publicists, still and television photographers, baseball officials, promoters and privileged visitors from all over the world. Williams had played the scene before, in the 1967 Series, and he had viewed samples of it during the playoffs against Detroit, so he knew what to expect. Yet the excitement of the scene must be felt—and so must the absurdity. Each word from a World Series manager, no matter how banal, is devoured like a drop of vintage wine, preserved in notebooks and on recorders for posterity.

The avalanche of questions began for Dick Williams as soon as he was spotted by the first reporter.

"How do you feel? . . . Will you win it? . . . Is your pitching rotation set? . . . What about Vida Blue? . . . Does Finley tell you what to do? . . . How will you pitch Bench? . . . How will you stop Tolan and Morgan? . . . With Jackson hurt, what happens

to your power if Epstein collapses at the plate? . . . Are you nervous? . . . Scared? . . . Is this a bigger thrill than 1967? . . . Is this a better team? . . . You gonna keep using all those second basemen? . . . Do you play hunches? . . . Don't you over-manage? . . ."

I asked Williams if answering the repetitious questions got on his nerves. "Hell, no," he said. "It sure beats the alternative—sitting home and watching the Series on television."

Williams, affable, poised, courteous, played games with the press, answering some questions, parrying others, obviously enjoying himself.

A baseball official came over and whispered something, and Williams said, "Damn right I want to see him. He's my buddy."

Trailed by a retinue of writers, Williams strode across the field—to be met by the Cincinnati manager, a grinning Sparky Anderson. The two, probably the closest friends ever to manage rival ballclubs in a World Series, threw their arms around each other. They were teammates at Fort Worth in the 1950s and they form an enthusiastic mutual admiration society.

Escorted by Anderson and followed by a flock of journalistic geese, Williams ambled along the right-field foul line. Anderson explained the local ground rules. The two managers spent half an hour wandering about the field, sometimes raising, sometimes lowering their voices while the reporters closest to them relayed each verbal pearl to the laggards. The air was punctuated by cries of "What did he say? What did he say?" Writers were terrified they might miss a *mot*.

Meanwhile, gathering on the bench and spilling up the dugout steps and onto the field were the bewildering A's, resplendent in their bright green-yellow-and-white uniforms. Either by accident or design, four or five, all white and wearing jet black mustaches, perched side by side atop the back ledge of the dugout bench, as if waiting for Matthew Brady, the Civil War photographer, to come and take their pictures.

Armed with a scorecard, which I needed, I asked several of the A's for their impressions of Williams.

Unlike the Red Sox, many of whom had little use for Williams personally while respecting his managerial talents, the A's seemed both to like and respect him.

"He's very fair," said Ted Kubiak. "Once he chewed me out when I missed a hit-and-run sign in Kansas City, but when Jerry Adair, the first base coach, told Dick he had missed the sign, too, Dick apologized. Another time, he started giving me hell for walking into the clubhouse at 10:15 one morning. I didn't think I was late, but Dick said we were supposed to be there by ten. The equipment manager, Frank Cienczyk, who was standing nearby, said, 'You told him 11.' 'I did, didn't I?' Dick said. 'Look,' he said to me, 'next time I do that, tell me I'm horsefeathers.'"

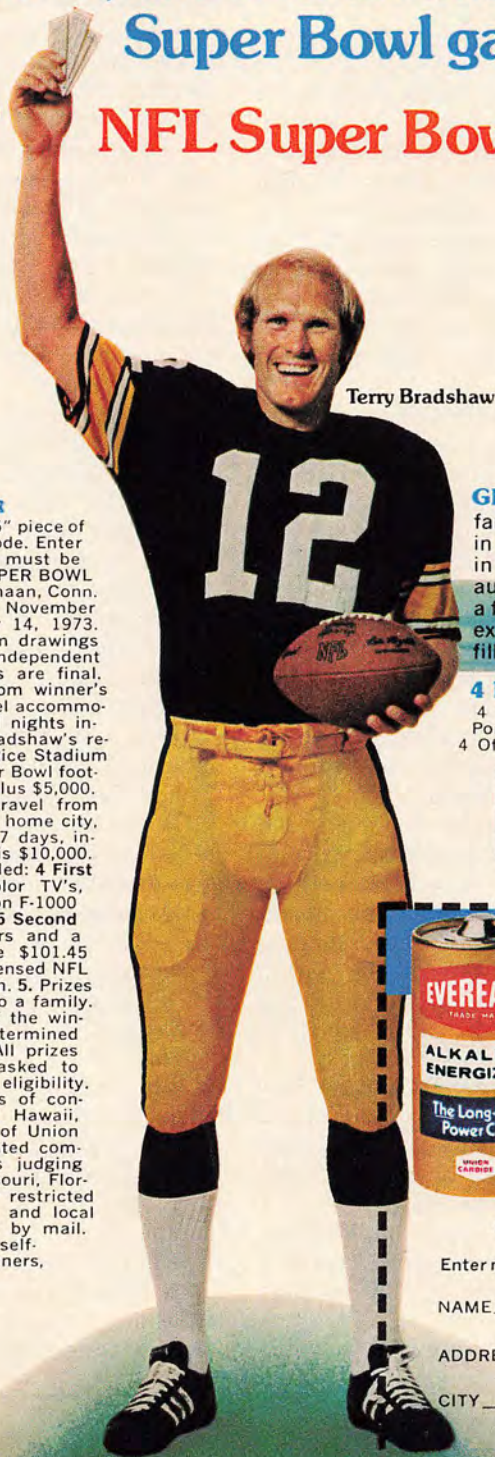
Just before the field was cleared for the ballgame, someone asked Williams how he got along with the Boston writers.

"Fine," he said. "Many are still my friends."

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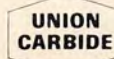
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"Have you talked to any lately?"

"Yeah," Williams said. "Kaese was sitting on my cap in the dugout before a playoff game and I told him to get off."

Harold Kaese, a veteran columnist for the *Boston Globe*, was the man who had called Williams a "half-wit."

The pattern for the Series began taking shape in the second inning of the opening game. Gene Tenace, who had hit only five home runs all season, blasted a two-run home run into the left-field stands, his first of two in the game and a record-tying four in the Series. Johnny Bench led off the same inning for the Reds, the first of 15 times in seven games that he came to bat with the bases empty. And Dick Williams went to the pitcher's mound for a conference, the first of seven appearances in the game and nearly 40 in the Series.

Williams' most notable trips in the opening game were the first and the last. When he went out the first time, the Reds had the bases full with nobody out and Cesar Geronimo up. On the way to the mound, Williams pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and read aloud from it, then went back to the bench. Geronimo popped up, and Ken Holtzman got out of the inning with only one run scored on him. Williams' last trip came in the ninth, with Vida Blue pitching for the A's, two out, a man on third, Pete Rose up and the A's leading, 3-2. After Williams returned to the bench, Sal Bando moved closer to the plate. A moment later, Rose, trying a two-out squeeze, fouled off a bunt. His infield out then ended the game.

Later, Williams told the waves of newsmen who visited his office in shifts that the paper was part of a detailed and extremely effective scouting report on the Reds provided by Al Hollingsworth and Sherm Lollar. One item suggested how to pitch to Geronimo, a .275 hitter who batted only .158 in the Series. Another was a warning to look for a bunt with two out and a man on third, an unorthodox maneuver occasionally used by the Reds.

Williams scoffed at a story that owner Charlie Finley had ordered him to keep Blue in the bullpen during the playoffs and World Series so that the young pitcher, whose 1972 season suffered because of his long hold-out, would have less reason for a raise in 1973.

"I don't get involved in contract troubles," Williams said. "And I rarely worry about newspaper reports. I managed in Boston for three years, so now nothing along those lines bothers me."

As the long day ended, Williams said he intended

to start Vida Blue in the fourth game of the Series, scheduled for Wednesday in Oakland. At the time, he meant it.

Williams' relationship with Blue had been tense going into the World Series, largely because the manager had neglected to tell the pitcher directly he was going to spend the playoffs in the bullpen. Instead, Williams had relayed the message through Bill Posedel, the pitching coach. As a result, Blue asked everybody who would listen, "Why didn't he tell me himself I wouldn't start a playoff game?"

The morning of the second Series game, Williams sloughed off Blue's grumbling. "If I make any more changes," he said, "I'll tell him about them myself."

I suggested to Williams he seemed to have grown more tolerant since his Boston days. "I was a little too impatient in Boston," he said. "I've learned to control my temper. I used to eat a guy out for a mistake, but now I never do—so long as I feel he was trying."

"I had a reputation for being a tough, sarcastic disciplinarian in Boston," Williams added. "Well, I'm still sarcastic, and tough when I have to be, but that really isn't often."

He talked about the year he spent between managerial jobs, coaching under Gene Mauch in Montreal. "The best manager in the business," Williams said, "It's too bad he doesn't have much to work with, but it takes more than five years to build a winner from scratch. You think *I'm* sarcastic? Mauch puts me to shame. But you watch him and you learn. If I ever had a seminar on managing, I'd want Gene to run it for me. He's a baseball genius—a marvelous organizer and the greatest handler of men I ever saw. If he gets a winning ballclub up there, nobody'll catch him."

He lit a cigarette, took a deep drag and said, "Fundamentals, fundamentals, you can't give ballplayers enough. They learn, then they forget. Look. . . ."

He put the cigarette in an ashtray and stood up in his stocking feet. "For example, you have to teach guys to slide—pitchers especially. There's a basic slide every ballplayer should master. You go down like this—" Williams went down on the rug, his right leg straight out, his left curled under it "—and you come up, all in one motion. If you do it correctly, there's no way you can get hurt."

While the A's were winning the second game on Catfish Hunter's pitching and Joe Rudi's hitting and fielding, Williams wore a groove between the dugout and the pitcher's mound. After the game, he changed his mind on Blue again. Instead of starting the fourth game, Blue would stay in the bullpen. "I talked to him this time," Williams said. "He understood."

So did the Reds.

"A hell of a move," Rose said. "You look at that lefthander warming up and you know what you're going to have to face if you knock the pitcher out of the

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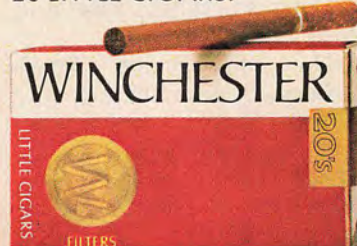


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game. It makes it that much harder."

With two games on the road in hand and the next three scheduled at home in Oakland, Williams was understandably high.

"I've been called for over-managing," he said. "Well, I've over-managed two in a row and I'm tickled to death. We'd have been thankful for a split here. Now we've won two. Everybody gets tomorrow off. Odom goes Tuesday and Holtzman Wednesday."

When he began getting ready for his shower, Williams startled the few writers still in his office by revealing one of the world's most elaborate jock straps, flowered in front, with his name embroidered in blue around the inside edge.

One writer recovered from the sight fast enough to ask about the Williams strategy against Pete Rose, who had only one single to show for the first two games.

"We know we're not going to contain him forever," Williams said.

"Does he hit better batting righthanded or left?"

"Yes," Williams said.

Then, down to the buff, he headed for his shower.

The nose of the 707 jet that took the A's to Oakland bore a huge picture of Finley and his mule, Charlie O, plus the legend: "Good Luck, Swinging A's." Everyone climbed aboard to the accompaniment of deafening music by Finley's five-piece band, banging out a Finley favorite—*Sugar In The Morning*.

As the plane headed west, the decibel count, if possible, went up—the band, the talk, the shifting from seat to seat of ballplayers, wives, children, other relatives and friends. There was a yelling match between Epstein and Williams which few noticed in the general din. Epstein was upset because Williams kept replacing him in the late innings with Mike Hegan for defensive purposes. The move had paid off nicely that afternoon when Hegan made a fine play on Cesar Geronimo's smash. Both Epstein and Williams later blamed their verbal battle on alcohol, which seemed reasonable, considering the abundance aboard.

Somewhere along the line, I found myself sitting beside Vida Blue. "Are you a starting pitcher?" I said.

"Hey, man," he said, "you crazy? What do you think?"

"Well, you're in the bullpen."

"I'll do anything they want."

"Why are you there?"

"Don't say why," Blue said. "How come, but not why."

"How come you don't like why?"

"Because everyone says why and I don't like it. I'll

answer in a crowd, but not when I'm talking to somebody alone."

"Do you like Williams?"

"I like all my managers."

"Do you like being in the bullpen?"

"What do you think?" Blue said. "But if being there helps the team win, that's where I go."

Before the plane landed in Oakland, where a huge crowd was waiting at the airport, Epstein, no longer mad at anybody, talked calmly about his manager. "This guy gave me a chance to play every day," he said. "Nobody in the big leagues ever had done that before."

"Did he help you more than the other Williams?"

"Ted?" Epstein said. "A marvelous batting coach, but no manager. All he thinks about is hitting and pitching. Dick handles men as individuals and as a team. You do what you can for him because he makes you want to win." Epstein paused, then added, "When he takes me out it hurts, but just for a minute."

Monday was an off-day, but Williams went to the ballpark from his suite at the Edgewater Hyatt House early in the morning. He stayed until mid-afternoon, first in private meetings with Finley and other A's officials, later conducting endless press conferences. As usual, he fielded the same questions over and over. He was impressive on three counts—his patience, his frankness and his effectiveness in shutting off controversial subjects without offending anyone.

"Is it true you had a yelling match with Epstein on the plane from Cincinnati?"

"It's true."

End of subject.

"Were you wrong not telling Blue he'd be in the bullpen?"

"Yes."

End of *that* subject.

Later, in his hotel suite, Williams said, "I don't blame Epstein. I wouldn't want a player on my club who didn't get sore when I pulled him. I'd be just the same. Blue? No problem. Sure he's unhappy. But we're two games up and he knows he can help us more in the bullpen."

When I brought up the second Series game, Williams said, "I left Hunter in two hitters too long, and Rudi and Hegan took me off the hook. But they shouldn't have to. I made a mistake."

Dick Williams acknowledging a mistake?

He smiled and said, "I never would have made such an admission five years ago. Now I'm older, more experienced and I hope more mature. Everybody makes mistakes and I'm no exception. That's one thing I learned after the Red Sox fired me."

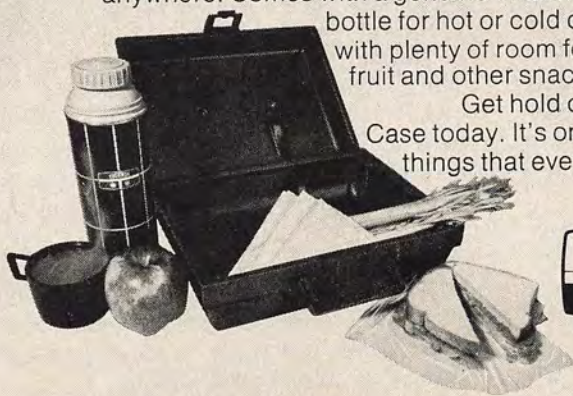
Then, finally, he told me why he was fired. One day early in the 1969 season, Cliff Keane, a Boston *Globe* baseball writer, asked Tom Yawkey to rate Williams

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as a manager on a scale of one to four, with one the highest. When Yawkey rated Williams at three and Keane printed the story, Williams asked Yawkey if he had been misquoted.

"No," Yawkey replied.

"Is that all you think of me as a manager?"

"You read the story."

"Look, Mr. Yawkey," Williams said, "I'll thank you for staying out of my locker room. I'm sick of eating a guy out for a mistake one minute, then the next seeing you put your arm around his shoulders as if to tell him everything's fine, no matter what I say."

"It's my locker room, and I'll go in there when I please," Yawkey said.

Although he had a year left on his contract, Williams knew his days with the Red Sox were numbered.

One of Williams's fringe benefits as Red Sox manager was a Friday-night television commercial for a Massachusetts bank. After he was fired, he did one last commercial before leaving for his Florida home. The commercial showed him packing his station wagon, then standing up and saying, "Hi. I'm Dick Williams. When you're out of a job, it's certainly nice to have an account at a Massachusetts Co-operative Bank."

Before Tuesday's game was rained out by a freak hailstorm, a couple of Williams' ballplayers talked about him in the dugout. Gene Tenace, wearing a green-and-yellow stocking cap, said, "Williams made me believe in myself. I catch most of the time, but he plays me in other positions, too. Mechanical errors don't bother him—only mental errors or failure to execute fundamentals. For example, when I was playing second and dropped a throw from Sal (Bando) which eventually cost us the fourth game of the playoffs against the Tigers, Dick didn't say a word. But when I lost us a ballgame to Cleveland during the regular season, he let me have it. That time, I was catching. Sal and I had Graig Nettles hung up between third and home. After I threw the ball to Sal, Nettles ran into me and we were called for interference, giving the Indians the winning run. 'That's a fundamental we worked on all spring and you should have known it,' Dick said. He added a few other little gems, just to make sure I got the point."

"He knows more baseball than any other manager I've ever had," said Rollie Fingers. "He's at his best handling pinch-hitters and pitchers. He seems to know instinctively when to make a change and with whom. The only time he ever criticizes me is when I louse up bunts. He never really eats me out—just growls, 'Do better,' or something like that. I think he's the smart-

est and most original manager in baseball today."

Before leaving the park, after the rainout, Williams was asked, "Who's the fastest of your four starting pitchers?"

"Three," Williams corrected him. "Of them, John Odom is the fastest."

"Anyone on the staff faster?"

"Yes. The lefthander in the bullpen."

I met Williams early Wednesday afternoon and rode with him to the Coliseum. His office is dominated by a rocking chair which Finley uses whenever he stops by. The chair gets a lot of use.

The batboy came in with a fresh uniform, then went for coffee. The phone rang, and Williams asked me to wait outside while he talked to Finley. I was in the corridor when Dave Duncan, hairiest of all the guys on a hairy ballclub, came by. Duncan, who started the season as the regular catcher, had lost his job to Tenace in the last month of the season, and I wondered if he resented Williams.

He didn't. "The best field boss I've ever seen or played for," Duncan said. "He thinks ahead and plans ahead. He never second-guesses himself, yet takes the rap when things go wrong. He's right so much of the time we don't question anything he does."

Williams finished his talk with Finley and called me back in. "All I'm really thinking about is today—number three—but I'd sure like to take two out of the three here so we don't have to go back to Cincinnati," Williams said.

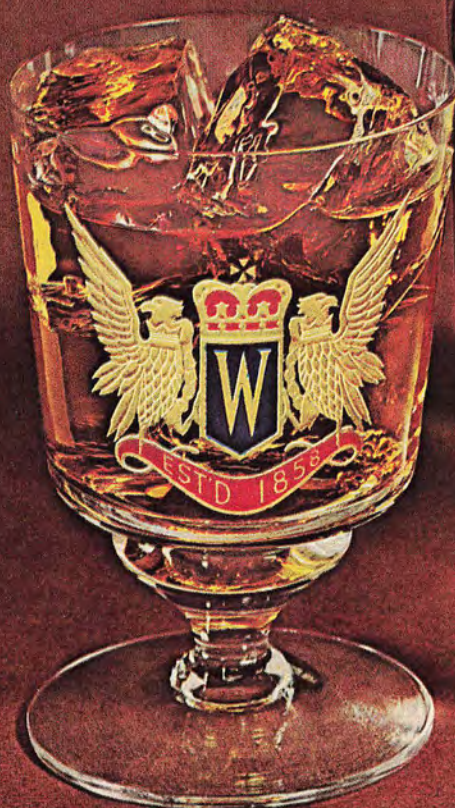
He answered another phone call—this from a friend asking for tickets for the last two games in Oakland. Williams promised to do what he could. He was already overbooked. "Between my wife and me," Williams said, "we have enough relatives here to fill the ballpark. I tried to take care of them myself in '67 and was on the phone all day. Now she does it and I can concentrate on the Series."

The man likely to remember the third Series game longer than anyone else is Johnny Bench because he was trapped by an ancient ploy. In the eighth inning of the Reds' 1-0 victory, with Bobby Tolan on first and Joe Morgan on third, Bench came to bat. Tolan then left first base open by stealing second. The count on Bench was three and two. Williams, who had been saying all along he wasn't going to let Bench beat him with runners on base, ambled out to the mound and pointed towards first base. Behind the plate, Tenace moved well to his right. Bench relaxed. Fingers then threw a fast curve which cut the outside corner of the plate for a called third strike, making Bench, looking as foolish as he felt, the second out of the inning. Maybe it was the shock of coming up with men on base that lulled Bench to sleep.

"We used to talk about that play a lot," Williams

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said later, "but it never worked for me the few times I tried it in the minors. I never tried it in the majors until tonight. I think the only guy in the ballpark who saw it coming was Morgan. At the last minute, he yelled to Bench, 'Be alive', but it was too late. The play won't work unless the ball breaks sharply, and Fingers threw it perfectly."

Odom, the losing pitcher for the A's, was disappointed, but philosophical. "I wanted to stay in because it was one of the best games I ever pitched," he said, "but I knew I was gone when they scored their run in the sixth. Yet with Dick, you never can be sure. One time in Cleveland, somebody hit a home run off me to tie the game in the seventh. When I saw Dick coming out, I said to myself, 'Oh—oh—here I go.' 'What did you throw?' he asked me. 'Something hanging,' I said. He looked at me a minute, said, 'This is your game, John,' and walked away. I won it over Gaylord Perry in the tenth. That's the thing about Dick. He was right taking me out today and right leaving me in that time in Cleveland. He's almost always right."

Williams was right the next day, too, when, in the ninth inning, he converted Cincinnati's 2-1 lead into a 3-2 victory for the A's by picking three pinch-hitters who all came through with hits. Most managers consider themselves lucky if they get one successful pinchhitter in three.

Williams didn't consider it so unusual. "I had the men," he said. "The spots were there, so I just matched them up."

"He makes it look easy," said Matty Alou. "Sometimes you hope maybe he'll miss something you do wrong, but he doesn't. Once I got thrown out trying to steal second. I shouldn't have gone and knew it, but figured nobody else did. I was wrong. Dick mentioned it as soon as I reached the bench."

Everyone might have gone home instead of back to Cincinnati if a daring gamble of John Odom's had paid off in the ninth inning of the fifth game. Running for Tenace with the A's a run behind, Odom tried to score from third when Joe Morgan slipped after catching a foul deep behind first. Morgan recovered in time to throw Odom out on a close play at the plate. That was the ballgame.

I asked Williams afterward why he had risked one of his best pitchers as a pinch-runner.

"I hated to do it, and usually don't, but we had already used Allan Lewis," Williams said. "When you're going for the marbles, you have to take the chance. Odom loves to run the bases and knows

how. He took a calculated risk and nearly got away with it."

By the time the Reds tied the Series with a one-sided victory in the sixth game, they had stolen 11 bases. Someone asked Tenace, the Series batting star who had caught all six games, if he thought he'd win the car SPORT awards the Most Valuable Player.

"What the hell," Tenace said. "Even if I do, the Reds'll steal it from me."

Before Williams left for Riverfront Stadium for the seventh game, his wife Norma said, "We've got an anniversary coming up. How about giving me the World Series for a present?"

"I sure hope I can," Williams said. "I've been too busy to get you anything else."

At the ballpark, mindful of his experience with Vida Blue, Dick called Epstein into his office and told him he was coming out of the lineup. Epstein, whom Williams thought had been better scouted by the Reds than any of the other A's, had had a rough Series—zero for 16. The big first baseman took the news well. Williams then told Tenace he would be playing first and Duncan he would be catching.

When Rose beat out an infield hit as the Reds' leadoff man, Williams ran out to protest to Jim Honochick, the first-base umpire. Tenace greeted Williams with, "I know I'm no first baseman, but, Skip, we had him."

After the A's lost another close decision at first base in the third inning, Williams himself went out to coach the base in the A's fourth—"just to see at close range what was going on." Since he didn't even look at Honochick, let alone say anything, the move cost Williams nothing, but embarrassed the umpire.

Williams' final trip to the field of the 1973 World Series came in the last of the ninth. The Reds, a run behind, had a man on first, two out, and Rose coming to bat. Williams went out intending to remove Rollie Fingers and bring in Vida Blue. Duncan intercepted him. "Don't take him out, Skip," Duncan said. "He's throwing the hell out of the ball."

Williams left Fingers in, and Rose flied out to make the A's champions of the baseball world.

The next day, October 23, was the Williamses' 18th wedding anniversary. While we sat in the coffee shop of the Edgewater Hyatt House in Oakland, Norma, a beautiful woman with jet black hair, told me how she met Dick in her native Fort Worth.

"The milkman introduced us," she said.

Dick looked up from autographing a menu for the waitress. "You know," he said, "I was smarter then than I am now." Then he smiled. "I did all right for a guy who developed into a half-wit, didn't I?"



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FOR PETE ROSE, A WORLD SERIES TO FORGET

BY MAURY ALLEN

Pete Rose didn't do anything dreadful. He didn't drop a critical third strike the way Mickey Owen did in the 1941 World Series. He didn't go through seven games without a single base hit the way Gil Hodges did in the 1952 World Series. And he didn't make three errors in one inning the way Willie Davis did in the 1966 World Series. Yet Rose, without any spectacular disaster, emerged as the goat of the 1972 World Series for one reason: He didn't play like Pete Rose.

Rose is the sort of baseball player whose skills can make the difference in a one-run game. He hustles, he needles, he annoys, he nickels-and-dimes-you to death. The 1972 World Series was Pete Rose's kind of Series—six of the seven games decided by a single run—and he did make the difference. But not the way he would've liked.

For Pete Rose, the 1972 Series began and ended with frustration:

First Game. Bottom of the ninth inning. Oakland 3, Cincinnati 2. Two men out. George Foster of the Reds is on third base with the potential tying run. Vida Blue, two strong innings of relief work behind him, is on the mound, seeking the final out.

Rose is the batter. For nearly a decade, he has been the most consistent hitter in baseball. He has had 200 hits in five different seasons and in 1972, he led both leagues with 198 hits. He has hit over .300 for eight straight years.

But so far, in this opening game of the Series, Rose hasn't had a hit. He hasn't even reached base.

Blue is trying to make up for a wasted season, Rose for a wasted game.

Blue delivers, and Rose swings and hits a ground ball toward the middle. Second baseman Ted Kubiak grabs the bouncing ball with his bare right hand and throws it to first baseman Mike Hegan. Rose is out. The Reds lose.

Seventh game. Bottom of the ninth inning. Two men out. Oakland 3, Cincinnati 2. Darrel Chaney of the Reds is on first base with the potential tying run. Roland Fingers stands on the mound, making his sixth appearance in the seven games. He has won one and

lost one thus far.

Rose is the batter. So far, in the Series, he is batting only .222—about 90 points below his normal average, less than half of what he hit in the playoff series against Pittsburgh. Yet now he can be a hero. He has already had two hits in this game.

Fingers delivers, and Rose swings and hits a line drive toward left-center. Leftfielder Joe Rudi races to his left and, without breaking stride, gracefully grabs the sinking line drive. Rose is out. The Reds lose the game and the Series.

To win the final championship competition of any sport, a team must play the kind of ball that has won for them throughout the year. If one team can force the other to divert from their established style, they have an advantage. The Reds' style is to attack their opponents at the outset. Rose, leading off, triggers the attack. He jumps on the starting pitcher immediately and makes him sweat out each pitch to the next four batters—Joe Morgan, Bobby Tolan, Johnny Bench and Tony Perez. But the A's spoiled the whole system. They didn't let Rose get on base (or Morgan or Tolan, for that matter).

Rose finished the Series with only six hits in 28 at bats for a .214 average. In the first four games, he got only one hit in 15 at bats. The Reds lost three of those games by one run and won the other, 1-0. Rose came up with men on base eight different times and could drive home only one runner.

In one contest, the fifth of the Series, the A's weren't able to stop Rose. He hit Catfish Hunter's first pitch of the game for a home run. Then, in the ninth, with men on first and second and two out, he lined a single to center to drive in the winning run in a 5-4 victory. It was the only time all Series Rose played his game, and it emphasized his failure in the rest of the Series.

After the 1972 World Series, some of the participants got invited to make hair-spray commercials. There were two different commercials. In one, the Oakland heroes soaked themselves in champagne. In the other, Pete Rose got hit in the gut by a girl. He deserved it. ■

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1. Prior to the current divisional play-off system, there were only five playoffs held to determine a pennant winner. Which team made the most playoff appearances?

- a. Brooklyn/L.A. Dodgers
- b. New York/San Francisco Giants
- c. Boston Red Sox

2. He has played in the most World Series.

- a. Whitey Ford
- b. Elston Howard
- c. Yogi Berra

3. From 1949 through 1965, only three teams besides the Yankees won the American League pennant. Which one of the following teams did not win the pennant during that time?

- a. Minnesota Twins
- b. Cleveland Indians
- c. Baltimore Orioles

4. Which pitcher has won the most World Series games since 1960?

- a. Sandy Koufax
- b. Bob Gibson
- c. Mickey Lolich

5. True or False: Dick Williams is the only man ever to have managed two different teams in the World Series.

6. Which manager has won the most World Series?

- a. Casey Stengel
- b. Joe McCarthy
- c. John McGraw

7. He holds the record for most RBIs in a World Series game with six.



- a. Lou Gehrig
- b. Brooks Robinson
- c. Bobby Richardson

8. Which team has the highest winning percentage in World Series games?

- a. New York Mets
- b. New York Yankees
- c. St. Louis Cardinals

9. He managed the Yankees to the pennant in 1964.

- a. Johnny Keane
- b. Yogi Berra
- c. Ralph Houk

10. In 1955, he won SPORT's first World Series Most-Valuable Player award.

- a. Duke Snider
- b. Johnny Podres
- c. Carl Furillo

11. Which one of the following managers did not appear as a player in the World Series?

- a. Frank Quilici
- b. Ken Aspromonte
- c. Eddie Kasko

12. Which one of the following pitchers has never appeared in the World Series?

- a. Jim Perry
- b. Gaylord Perry
- c. Steve Carlton

13. Which one of the following men did not play in both a World Series and a Rose Bowl game?

- a. Jackie Jensen
- b. Bill Skowron
- c. Chuck Essegian

14. This team won the first World Series in 1903.

- a. Boston Red Sox
- b. Pittsburgh Pirates
- c. New York Giants

15. Which one of these men did not play in the World Series for two different teams?

- a. Eddie Mathews
- b. Elston Howard
- c. Hoyt Wilhelm

16. Match the player and the World Series event that he's associated with.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| Bill Wambsganss | (a) Unassisted triple play |
| Chuck Essegian | (b) Series saving catch in 1955 |
| Sandy Amoros | (c) Two pinch-hit home runs |

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 117

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Imagine Seaver, Aaron, Orr & Nicklaus All On The Same Field... Or Stream

BY DOUG KNIGHT



Steve Carlton, Jerry Koosman, Joe Hoerner, Pat Jarvis, Tim McCarver and Henry Aaron took a trip together last fall. They went up into the mountain wilderness of Montana hunting for mule deer. They had to ride horses 14 hours to reach their remote camp. Once they arrived, but before he could get a mule deer, Aaron decided to abandon camp. Henry said he had to make a previous appointment.

"Henry probably realized he was in trouble," Koosman suggests. "Up there in the wilderness with four pitchers, all of us carrying loaded guns."

McCarver, a catcher, wouldn't have been much protection. He would have sided with the pitchers.

Henry Aaron, like a large percentage of professional athletes, takes deep pleasure from hunting and fishing, perhaps because the outdoor life, with its quiet and its solitude, offers such a contrast to the pressurized, spotlighted life of big-time sports. Given a choice, the typical pro—baseball, football, basketball or hockey player—would pick golf as the sport at which he'd most like to make his living, but hunting and fishing as the sport at which he'd most like to spend his leisure time.

Practically every big-name athlete, with the possible exception of Joe Namath (whose hunting is of a different sort), admits to a weakness for hunting, fishing or both.

After the big game, they go after the big game. Koosman and Seaver hunt, Morrell fishes and Nicklaus Hopes for the best.

At the Masters golf tournament, for instance, the most tense battle for a couple of decades has not been over which golfer would win the green jacket, but whether Sam Snead or Julius Boros would catch the bigger fish in the well-stocked lake on the Augusta National course. Jack Nicklaus, whose wardrobe includes several green jackets, is an avid sportfisherman, which helps explain his shift in headquarters from Ohio to Florida; it is very difficult to do any deep-sea fishing in Ohio. Nicklaus, with Boros and Billy Casper, is a trustee of the Sport Fishery Foundation.

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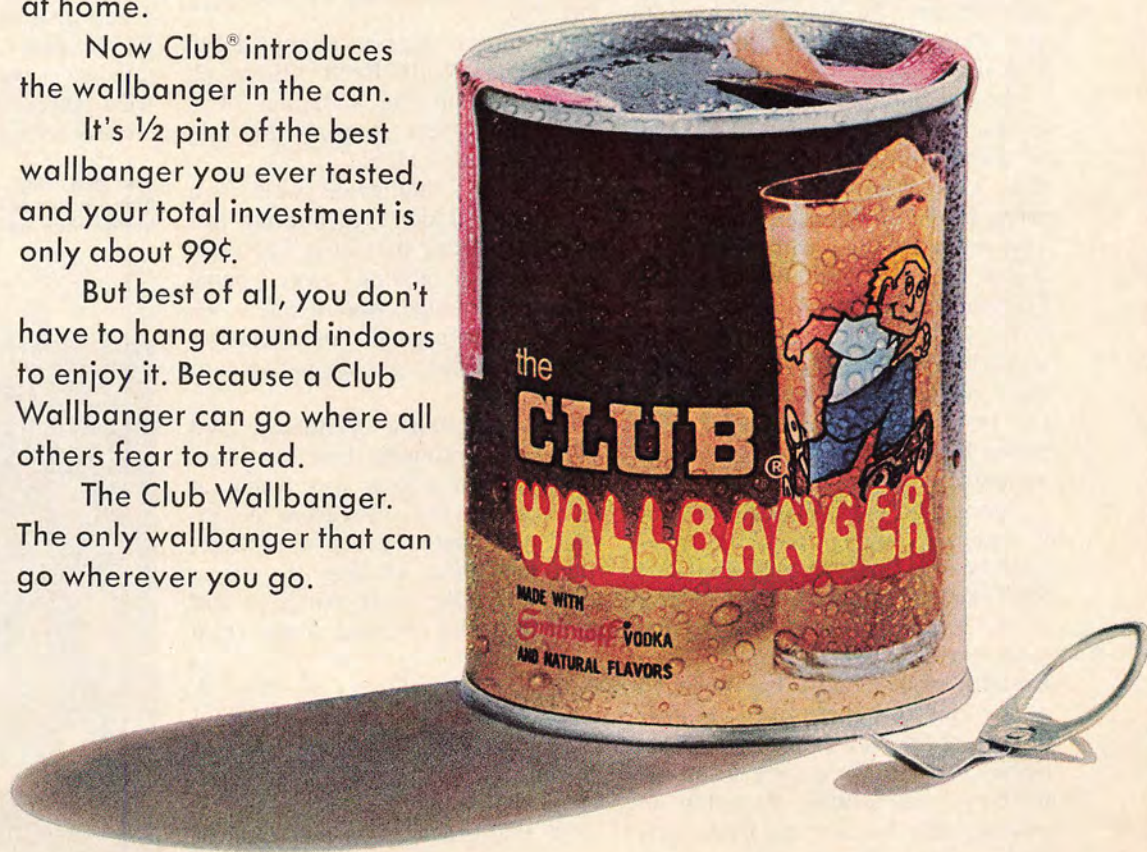
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Field... Or Stream

CONTINUED

Among hockey players, who have quick access to the lush fields and streams of Canada, Bobby Orr is probably the most dedicated and gifted fisherman. He is, of course, the most dedicated and gifted defenseman, too, as many NHL players would tell you.

Among basketball players, Willis Reed could lay claim to the hunting-and-fishing championship and, considering his size and strength, it's doubtful anyone would argue with him. Coach Red Holzman of the New York Knicks, a brilliant strategist, is smart enough to try to see to it that his team isn't practicing the day trout season opens in New York State. He knows that if he does call a practice for the Knicks on that day, he may well have to get along without his center and captain.

Among football players, quarterbacks Bob Griese and Earl Morrall of the Miami Dolphins share more than a position; they share an interest in the outdoors. Both of them competed—along with Nicklaus, Boros, Casper, Ted Williams, Joe Garagiola and ex-boxer Bob Hope—in a fishing tournament sponsored by the Sport Fishery Foundation. A big fish looked as good to the two Miami quarterbacks as a Super Bowl victory, at least for the moment.

Among baseball players, the list is endless, ranging from the manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, Walt Alston, as gifted a trapshooter as he is a billiards player, to the much-traveled first baseman, Mike Epstein, who actually has invented a new kind of bullet, to the premier pitcher of the New York Mets, Tom Seaver, whose wing shot is as effective as his fastball. Probably no athlete takes his hunting more seriously than Philadelphia's Steve Carlton.

"Some guys use a hunt as an excuse to get off alone and have a few drinks and relax," says Jerry Koosman. "Not Steve. He hunts from dawn to dark, then heads for camp, a quick meal and into bed. He's up before the birds and he is out hunting in the woods before the animals are even thinking about moving."

The call of the wild comes through loud and clear to professional athletes, and many of them are able to explain its lure quite articulately. "It's fresh air and a different kind of environment," says Koosman, a Minnesota country boy. "You're out of doors in Shea Stadium, too, but when you look up, there's the smog. And all those fans out there. A steady roar of noise all the time."

"Playing pro golf is very nerve-racking," says Julius Boros. "The tensions built up during a tournament are almost unbearable. Fishing helps relieve those nervous twitches."

"Fishing is the best therapy I can get," offers Willis Reed. "Being all by myself on the shoreline of a lonely lake, just me and the fish, that's where it's all at."

Reed is a hunter as well as a fisherman. "I don't go hunting just for the shooting part of it," he says. "I just like getting away, being alone, out in the woods where it's me and the animal I'm after. My skill against the animal's native cunning."

The importance of hunting and fishing was probably best expressed by Koosman a year ago when, at the start of the off-season, he invited teammate Seaver to Minnesota for some hunting. Koosman told Seaver the three things he did as soon as he returned home from New York.

"First I bought my hunting license," said Koosman, "then I opened a beer, and then I kissed my wife."

"In that order?" Seaver asked.

"In that order," Koosman replied.

Nolan Ryan hunts; it's one sport

in which he doesn't want no-hitters. Dave DeBusschere hunts; on a trip to Wyoming with Willis Reed, DeBusschere got an antelope his first day out. Some people think that, if necessary, DeBusschere could stop an antelope on a basketball court; at least, he'd outhustle the animal. Jerry Kramer, the former Green Bay Packer, still hunts; not long after he stopped toiling for the late Vince Lombardi, Kramer landed in a light plane on an ice floe off Siberia so that he could get himself a polar bear. The landing and take-off were more frightening than the bear, more frightening even than Allan Page and Alex Karras combined. Lombardi would have admired Kramer's commitment to the sport.

Since no one has ever heard a professional athlete admit that he is a poor hunter or a poor fisherman, it seems safe to assume that the same qualities that make a man good at basketball or football or baseball also make him good with a gun or a rod. Rick Barry is near-perfect proof. Barry, who had never touched a shotgun before last year, tried skeet shooting and, after a couple of rounds, was breaking 23

His first day of skeet shooting, Rick Barry broke 23 of 25 "birds"—which is better than he does with his jump shot.



out of 25 "birds"—Class A shooting ability.

If you were to ask a few dozen professional athletes what they'd like to do after their playing careers end, a couple would say they want to become broadcasters, a couple would want to become stockbrokers, a couple would want to become coaches and the rest—the honest ones—would say that all they want to do is relax by a field or stream.

Willis Reed has prepared for his retirement. He has ten fishing rods, an 18-foot boat, a collection of rifles and shotguns, a place to retreat to in his native Louisiana and, best of all, a 276-acre farm in central Pennsylvania. The farm overlooks beautiful deer- and rabbit-hunting country.

"When I retire," Willis says, "I'm going to get me two beagle hounds, sit out there on the front porch with my shotgun and listen to that hound music while those old dogs run that rabbit right by me."

As far as the Los Angeles Lakers, the Boston Celtics and the rest of the NBA are concerned, the day can't come too soon. ■

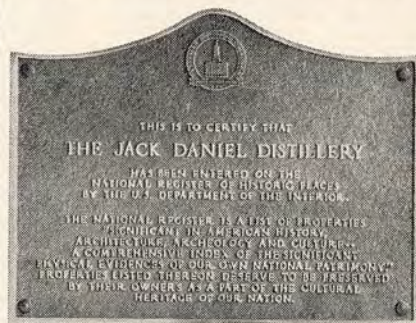
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Mr. Jack Daniel would have been awfully proud to hear his Distillery called a "significant place in American history and culture." (You see, he died long before his whiskey achieved much national recognition.) So we put this official plaque on the old office



he built in 1866 and worked in till his death. Now, we know the government intended the citation for Jack Daniel's *distillery*.

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**THE
SPORT
QUIZ!** ANSWERS
From page 112

1 a. 2 c. 3 c. 4 b. 5 False. 6 b. 7 c. 8 a.
9 b. 10 b. 11 b. 12 b. 13 b. 14 a. 15 c.
16 Wambsganss—(a); Essegian—(c);
Amoros—(b).

YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, how your nerves have tricked you into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression... loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—how your nerves have tricked you into the following physical symptoms: chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on... "missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart... sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me."

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in Reader's Digest. If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feeling of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head... "ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision... weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished... And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... they have not lost their true physical health in any way! What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED... "rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation... and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on! The second of which serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!

And the fourth of which—the great reward—brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy! So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: "The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it!"

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! Here is specific, step-by-step advice that will (again to quote directly from the doctor) "banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body!"

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The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.



how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!

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Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluble problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success! The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, that are just waiting to cure you!

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

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Last Of The Big-Time Hustlers

I watched Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson run the table on Jackie Gleason and tell George C. Scott, "Percentage players die broke, don't they, Bert?" I was 16 then, and I thought I was a real hustler, and when Paul Fitch came through town that summer of '52, I decided to head for New Orleans with him. The road. That was the place for a couple of sharpies like us.

I grew up in an old farm town

BY DAN GLEASON

where people walked, talked and breathed a little slower than where you grew up, and on Saturdays, when the farmers were talking about how long it would take the town to die off, you could get them for a few quarters in Wacky McGuire's pool hall or Eddie Carlson's Cigar Store. Whatever you were in Centerville, Iowa, you magnified it a thousand times.

I'd gotten to know Paul Fitch in Legion ball; he was 18 and looked 21, and came to town in a smoking old '49 fastback Chevy which he junked for \$35 at Stark's Salvage Yard. Not two days later, we were away in my '51 Ford flathead V-8 convertible, moving I truly hoped forever away from college.

We shuttled down through slow-moving Missouri towns. We were talking capital, talking soft hotels and teacake women and big cigars,



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Big-Time Hustlers

CONTINUED

talking fancy boats, diamond stickpins and Paris, France.

I had \$175 and Fitch had \$95. On Saturday morning in early June, we decided now was as good a time as any, and we whipped into Milan, Missouri, looking for a game. It took us all morning to find somebody who'd play for more than 25 cents a game, and when we did, he beat us out of \$6.50 and bought us Dr. Peppers, which he advised we drink on our way back home.

We decided I was the better shot, so I tried it alone in the next town. I got in the middle of two guys who knew more than I figured they did, and they bumped me back and forth for \$7.50.

The next town found me a game and a hot stick. I beat a fatso in bibbie-tucks ten straight games of eight-ball, and when it came time for him to pay us the \$20, he passed. He just dusted off the Lilac Powder and hung up his cue.

"Hey, friend. Forgetting something?"

He squinted and grinned. "Nope. I ain't gonna pay." He picked up a cue-stick. "And I *hope* you don't like it." I threw the rack over his head and we made it out the back door, cranked it up and took off hard, hell-bent south.

"Boy. We're a couple big-time toughs, aren't we! Can't even collect."

Fitch took out a cue-ball he'd swiped and rolled it in his hands. "It won't happen again," he said.

We drove straight down toward St. Louis. They were holding a try-out there for the Cardinals. All the way down, we talked about Friend and Law and Elroy Face, Spahn, Buhl and Burdette, Maris, Banks, and who was better, Mickey Mantle or Willie Mays. And we dreamed of our bronze plaques hanging in the Cooperstown Hall of Fame.

We found the camp and drove up to the crest of a hill where we could see them all working out. "Look-athat," Fitch said. "They look like ants. I bet there's 200 guys."

"How many you figure they sign?"

"I don't know. Half a dozen?"

We didn't get much of a look, but we heard a lot of baseball stories, and we found seven guys who wanted to play ball. Fitch started making calls to small towns and setting up games. We worked out the next day and headed for a little town name of Potosi in Washington County where we played our first game against a miserable little team in an old semi-pro field with long weeds and a big ditch that ran across the outfield. But Potosi was one of those towns where you didn't have a lot of competition, except for the picture show and a few fistfights. We won, 11-1. Fitch collected \$17.60 passing the hat, hit a home run and stole three bases, a case of Pepsi and a spare tire for my Ford. We got another \$18 out of the \$30 gate receipts, giving us about \$4 a man.

When we played down in St. Genevieve that week—our expense money thinning from cheap motels and second-class chili parlors, Fitch located a man passing through in a panel truck full of hot clothes, and after a lot of talking, Fitch bought a stack of cards which read: "I am a deaf mute. Help support my family. God Bless You."

And Fitch bought a dozen watches at \$3 apiece which said *Onega, Bulovo, Helzbregs*, all 27 jewels, shockproof, waterproof and 14K. They were beautiful. "Be sure to get rid of them 48 hours after you wind them," the man said. He had dried mud on his back license plate and he didn't wave goodbye.

We grunted our way to an average of over a dollar-a-card, catching the late night drunks and embarrassing the tourists. Meanwhile, our ballclub was doing okay with Paul Fitch as manager. We won nine out of ten games and we were looked on with great respect in the smalltown hash houses and high-school hangouts.

But the team broke up. Some of the guys wanted to go back home and work or see their girl friends. Others just wanted to go back home. It was a shame, too. Because Fitch had it all figured how when we got enough money together we could hire an advance-man who would go around with posters and bill us as "MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH AND THE WORLD FAMOUS LOS ANGELES KINGS, FEATURING JOHNNY MARIS, YOUNGER BROTHER OF ROGER." Our pitcher would be the Mysterious Billy Smith and would pitch with a black hood over his face. Fitch would play Johnny Maris and chat with the rubes about his older brother of Yankee fame. And we would pack them in in the small towns.

Instead, Paul and I found ourselves going it alone, deciding whether or not to go back home. But we'd set out for New Orleans and New Orleans it would be.

Memphis.

At a country club, we tried to sell one of the watches with no luck. It was there we watched the great *Three-Iron* Gates. He would play anybody alive with just his little three-iron. No putter, no woods, just the three-iron. A small crowd was watching him hit out of the trap with his three-iron and then one-putting with the same club. It was amazing.

"Can he do that every time?" I asked a cigarette salesman from Valdosta, Georgia.

"Nope. Just when ya bet him he cain't."

For two days after that, we stayed in a downtown Memphis hotel and tried to peddle watches. I decided I was a golf hustler and hit some of the municipal courses. I got beat twice, and finally at a scroungy little park course, I fired a 75 into a guy who honestly couldn't have been over five-feet tall. I got him for \$5.50 and called it quits. "If mid-gets are the only ones I can beat," I said, "it won't pay for my tees."

It was that next day that Fitch woke me early. We were down to about \$50, but he had a plan.

He would go into a bar wearing one of the block watches. He would be acting drunk and crazy. "Why that dirty so and so," he'd yell out loud, to nobody in particular. "Wait'll she gets home and finds out there ain't no living room furniture. Hah! Wait'll she sees there ain't no TV set. That ought to change her oil." He'd slam his first down.

There is a certain credibility about hearing something twice. I would come in, playing the well-meaning friend, and I'd be doing a burn. "Hey! What's the idea of selling your living room furniture? Why'd you sell your TV?"

"That's right. Sold my furniture, sold my TV. Gonna sell my ring and my watch, too."

"You are *not* going to sell your watch."

"The hell I'm not."

"The hell you are."

I'd try to slip the watch off his wrist and he'd pull away. "Well, I'll buy it then," I'd say. By this time, the whole bar was watching.

"Gimme 50 dollars."

"Don't have it with me."

"Well, then you go to hell too."

And we'd start shoving. We would stand up and shove and wrestle and roll on the floor. We'd fight clear across the room. Then I'd say the hell with it and walk out.

It wouldn't be long until someone would say, "Hey . . . What kind of watch is it?"

If the man questioned the watch, Fitch would say something like, "That's right you low-test SOB, it's probably fake. I wouldn't sell it to *you* anyway." And the man who would finally buy the watch would not question its worth. He was out to kill, like a vulture when something's weak and almost dead; he saw a chance to take advantage.

"Hey. How much you take for that watch?"

"Gimme 50."

"You take 25?"

"Make it 30 and we'll all get drunk!"

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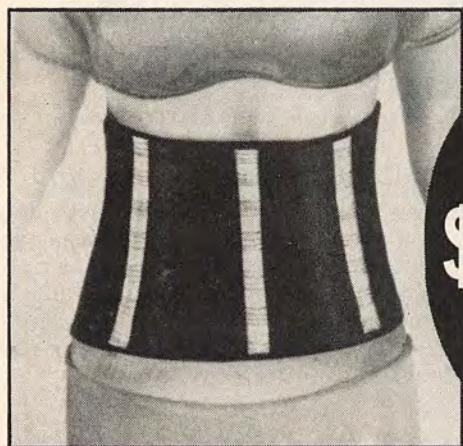
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We took turns driving. Down through Yazoo City and Jackson, stopping to look at the kudzu growing over fences and poles. Driving into the night, drinking coffee from a thermos and trying to keep awake. And just when I thought I couldn't keep my eyes open one second more, daylight broke over a hilltop and New Orleans jumped up and said boo.

I had never seen so many people in the same place in my life. All having a wild old time. We went into the joints and watched the strippers trying not to act bored over the drunks with bad haircuts, sitting alone along the small stages.

We walked up and down the little French Quarter streets. We were eating up that neon. Going into Pete Fountain's place, Dan's Pier 600 where Al Hirt played, drinking the Hurricane Punch at Pat O'Brien's and watching Lillie Christine "The Cat Girl" at the 500 Club, we knew we'd found our own home country.

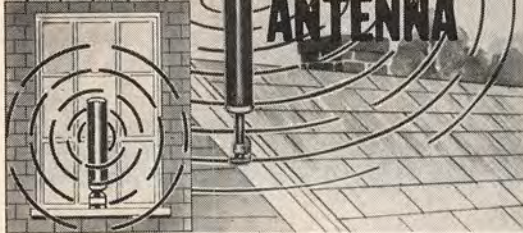
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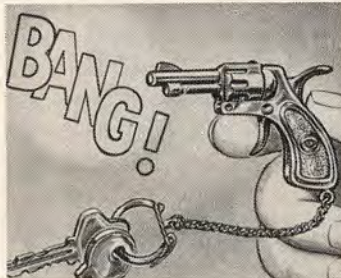
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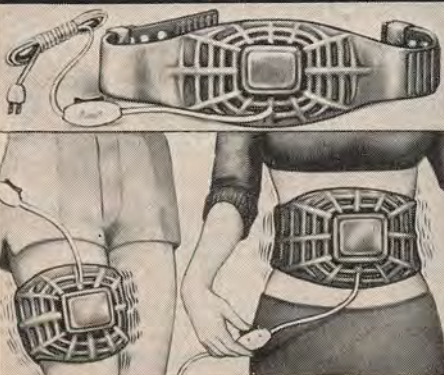
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Big-Time Hustlers

CONTINUED

and-dumb cards or block watches. I began to notice the smell of the cheap port and cheaper perfume. The high-test bourbon and Jackson Square magnolia drifted above me, and I heard the missed chords and flat notes a little more every day. We moved out of the Roosevelt and into a cheap rooming house off Rampart Street. Not far from our rooming house was the Triple-A Welding Shop, the Ace Pawn Brokers and the Cajun, a bar that featured the Big Double Shot at 50 cents. And not far from there was one place I hope to God I never see again . . . The Bayou Billiard Hall.

Fitch walked around and thought a lot and looked for a way to put something together. The Bayou was a rough place where the circular fan was there as much to blow out the stink and the smoke as to keep you cool. There were snooker strings and spittoons and a picture of Willie Hoppe on the wall. Under that picture was a sign that read, "If you can't pay, please don't play." Under a "We do not tolerate profane language" sign, someone had written an obscenity and drawn a lewd picture.

Fitch had found what they call a *liner*, a kid who wore his cycle hat tilted and smoked non-filtered cigarettes bigger than he was. "I know this guy who likes to play for money," Fitch told him, "but he has to win four or five before he goes for the big stuff. Sure, we can set him up. Money? Oh, he's loaded."

So, this was my chance. I practiced all of Eddie Felson's looks and mannerisms right down to his smooth move to the powder. I dressed up in my best and only suit, which I thought at the time gave me real class, but thinking back, I probably looked like a dope peddler.

I was nervous. I'd never really been in a place as rough as the Bayou. It was the old-time pool hall

full of waterfront toughs, and the gorilla they set me up to play was a guy they called Tiny.

Tiny was way up over 250 and he'd rolled the sleeves of his red cowboy shirt up to his biceps where they could roll no more. He ate grapefruit and shooed the flies away from his peanut-butter, which he spooned from a big jar and washed down with choco-pop. He had but one ear and I wondered whether he'd lost the other one in a fight, and if he did, who was mean enough or crazy enough to get close enough to Tiny to get his ear?

When I came in, he was rubbing powder on his hands and wrists and up on his forearms—across his tattoo of a little grinning devil with a sailor cap and a trident.

He did a slick job of missing and setting me up for the first three games. Then we raised the bet to \$20 a game. He lost the first and the second, each time sliding out a bill from his jean pocket and easing the money down on the rail. There was exactly \$70 on the rail when Tiny began to show his stuff. You could tell by the way he drew the ball back and by the way he held his cue-stick that he could make that thing talk. I was very nervous and I wondered if it showed.

So . . . Tiny made five and got ready to miss the sixth so he could set me up on the eight. And this cute little terrier dog came up and started messing with his leg.

He kicked the dog away without looking down and bent over to shoot.

The little dog started pulling at his pant leg and Tiny shook him off. The dog thought Tiny wanted to play. "Better go on, pup." But the dog didn't listen. He bit into Tiny's pant leg just as he was about to stroke the cue-ball. Tiny stopped whistling, and picked the dog up with one hand. He squeezed the dog's neck; it let out one short whelp. It got very quiet in there. I could hear the bolts rattle in the fan motor. Tiny took the dead dog to the back door and flung it into the alley. He walked back whistling *The Wabash Cannonball* on the note he'd quit on, as if nothing much had

happened. He set me up on the eight.

"Looks lak yawl got the game. I done sold out."

I tried to make my knees stop shaking. Fitch looked as if somebody was standing on his foot.

I nearly missed a straight-in on the eight. It was past noon and up over 100 degrees. My shirt was soaked. I felt weak. Tiny slid another bill down on the rail. He wanted to raise the stakes, \$50 a game.

"Okay," I said. "But first I've got to make a phone call."

He pointed at the wall. "Got a pay phone over there."

"Yeah, but I've got to get me a sandwich or something. There someplace I can get something to eat?"

Tiny's eyes drew tight and he moved in close to the money on the rail. "We got chili dogs up front."

I felt my heart sink. I wanted to say something, but I knew my voice would squeak. I was breathing too loud. The fan was squeaking too much. It was too hot in there. He could see my eyes watering and hear my knees knock. I got so scared that I wasn't scared.

And then somebody else took over my body. I passed away and somebody smooth and fast, somebody who wanted to survive, took over. He looked at Tiny and took control. I grinned and felt the oil run through my joints. I tossed the cue-ball up and caught it. I said, "Let's have at it, pard." I talked like a magpie. I kept talking. I had him off balance and I was afraid if ever I stopped talking, I'd be dead. I bent over to break. I drew the cue back and forth, back and forth, a light flashed by my eyes, and I let go of the cue-stick. It went sailing at his head and he ducked down like a big bear. In the same motion, I grabbed the money off the rail and ran like holy hell for the door, Fitch in stride. We ran into some people outside and ran right through them. We did not look back. We ran through crowds, around corners, across yards, past fish markets, hash houses and hock shops. We ran till we could run no more.

"Lose him?" Fitch said.

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Big-Time Hustlers

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"Don't know. Think so."

We had run so far, we were lost. We took a long time to get back to our rooming house, and we waited till dark to get our things. I got out of New Orleans a lot faster than I'd come in. We crossed the Pontchartrain Bridge and said mixed goodbyes to Tiny, New Orleans and the Bayou Billiard Hall.

And to dreams of easy money and careers as big-time hustlers. Fitch decided to go west and work. He thought maybe he'd like to deal cards in Nevada or be a bellhop at a big hotel.

We drove most of the night and stayed in a little motel in Mississippi. Next morning, a wino talked to me outside a cafe. I showed him my baseball glove, and he told me a sad story of how he threw his arm away and lost a shot at the big leagues. I ended up giving him a \$10 bill which we needed.

We drove hard all day. It was hot and we had the top down. The Ford overheated in Memphis and we threw a recap near St. Louis. That night, we crossed the Missouri border into Iowa. I felt as if I'd been gone for 15 years.

Next morning in the rain, Fitch boarded a Trailways west and I never saw him again.

I would spend, off and on, the next seven years in college at the University of Iowa, gambling confined to playing pool for Cokes, and golf for dimes and quarters. The big game against Willie Mosconi and Cicero Murphy never came. And I couldn't get down in three with a three-iron from the trap, let alone two. I do not wear \$50-shoes and diamond rings and my golden fingers are not insured for a million.

Every now and then, though, I remember that summer, and I have nightmares about Tiny and the Bayou Billiard Hall.



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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



It happens in baseball and in show business, but the classic story is in boxing. It is about the poor kid, usually from a minority group, who was doomed to a life of shoveling coal or collecting garbage or drawing welfare just like his old man. There is only one distinguished thing the kid can do, and that is fight. He learns it in the streets where it is fight or run. And one day somebody takes the kid and tells him he can make a few bucks fighting in a ring, and it always makes a good story when the kid winds up being champion of the world.

The stories vary from one to another, but most of the big fighters made it that way. The fight game breeds them. It helps if you are so poor and hungry you will do anything. Look at them: Ezzard Charles, Willie Pep, Joe Louis, Archie Moore, Rocky Graziano and all the rest. They started out with nothing and wound up with more money than they knew what to do with. For sweating in bad gyms and running in bad company and spilling their own blood on the floor, they came out with big cars and silk jackets and Cuban cigars and fancy women and some kind of respect. Those are the ones who make it.

The other ones, you don't hear about so often. The bulk of them don't make it. For most of them, the fight game is a cancer. It gets a hold on them and won't let go. Bad managers or too many mismatches or not being able to handle the big money if it comes: these things leave them scattered along the road. They are wrecks, physically, financially and mentally. They are everywhere. They do not make especially pleasant reading.

Speedy Freeman was neither a

champion nor a bum. His father gave him away before he was ten, and he was reared by a white family in a country town outside of Atlanta. He went to school for three years before he quit. His first fight came when he was 17, and he beat a guy in the peanut country of southeast Alabama. Everybody around Atlanta remembers Speedy Freeman as a pretty good fighter. He was a heavyweight, a big black kid who could hit, and he took on some of the good ones like Lew Carpenter and Bearcat Oby and Happy Hunter and Willie Bush. He got hit plenty of times, of course, just like any young fighter, but not often enough or hard enough to do any permanent damage to his body or his mind.

So it wasn't the fight game which got Speedy Freeman. It was life itself. He quit fighting before he was 30, and took a job in a soft-drink bottling plant. He got acid in his eye on that job, and soon he could see with only one eye. Then, ten years ago, he lost the other eye and that was the last time he ever saw anything.

He is past 60 now. His ears aren't puffed like so many of them, and he has his senses. He and his wife, married for some 40-odd years, live in an apartment in a decaying downtown area. They have reared five children and sent them on their way. His wife has a job at Grady Hospital, one of the largest public hospitals in the country. This doesn't mean Speedy Freeman has it made, because nobody who can't see has it made. He gets up early every day and takes a bus to town, and when he gets downtown he stands on the sidewalk with his red-and-white cane in one hand and brooms and mops in the other, a homemade sales poster hanging around his stooped neck.

Until my latest visit to Atlanta, I hadn't seen Speedy Freeman in five years or more. Since then, Muhammed Ali had come and nearly gone. Since then, more importantly, I had read Leonard Gardner's wonderful book, *Fat City*, the best writing I have ever seen on the subject of the fight game and the prices it extracts. In my favorite scene from the book, two old fight managers are standing around in a gym, watching their boys spar, trying to out-lie each other. "Manny Chavez," one of them says triumphantly, "had the clearest piss of any man I ever seen."

By the end of the book, neither fighter—young Ernie Munger and the older Billy Tully—has much left except bitter memories.

Speedy stood next to the front door of The Bookworm, a favorite downtown newsstand in the dead center of Atlanta, just as I had last seen him. It was a sweltering afternoon, but still he wore the dark, heavy clothes and wool hat he has always worn. I doubt that he sells many brooms. Most of what money he comes into is given him by a handful of fairly wealthy downtown lawyers and businessmen like Paul Jones, the portly local wrestling promoter. For a few years, Speedy worked at odd jobs for Jones: Setting up the ring, sweeping out, selling tickets, anything to feel useful.

"I see Clay fight now and then," Speedy was saying.

"What do you think?"

"Too late for him, now, maybe. Gettin' old."

"Who's your favorite?"

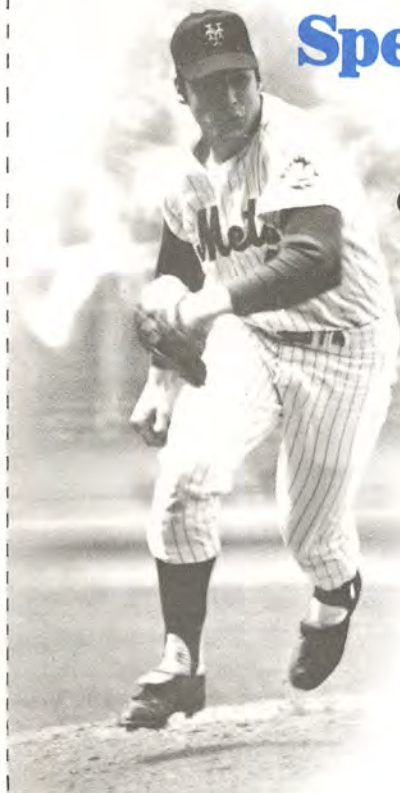
"Won't never be nobody like Joe Louis," he said. "Fine gentleman. Joe Louis minded his own business. Killed that German."

"You got any regrets about fighting, Speedy?"

"Oh, naw, sir. Ain't got no regrets. Big old colored boy like me, wasn't nothin' else I could do. Speedy did all right. Can't blame the fights on this." He pointed to his eyes.

"You need a ride home?"

"Oh, naw, sir," he said. "I gets my bus pretty soon. Always try to get home before dark. It ain't good, being on the streets after it gets dark. Speedy, he'll be okay."



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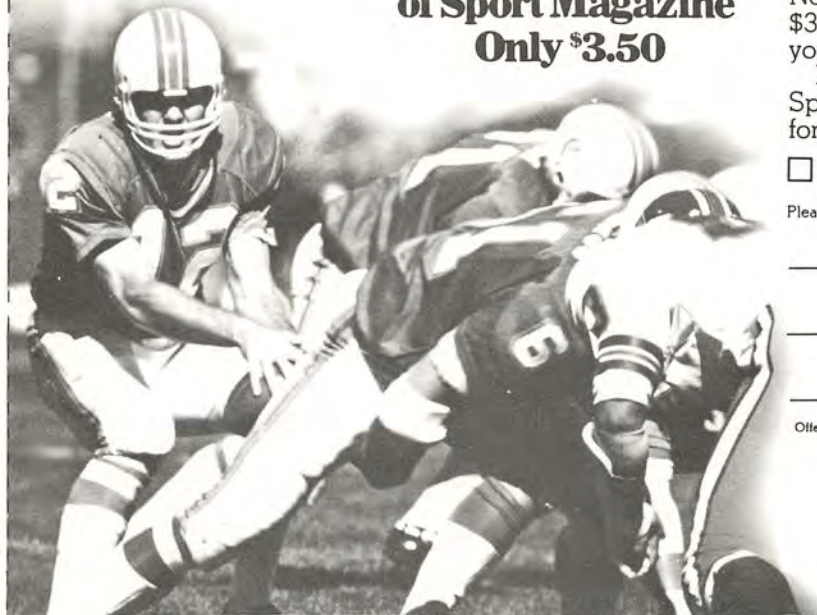
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